

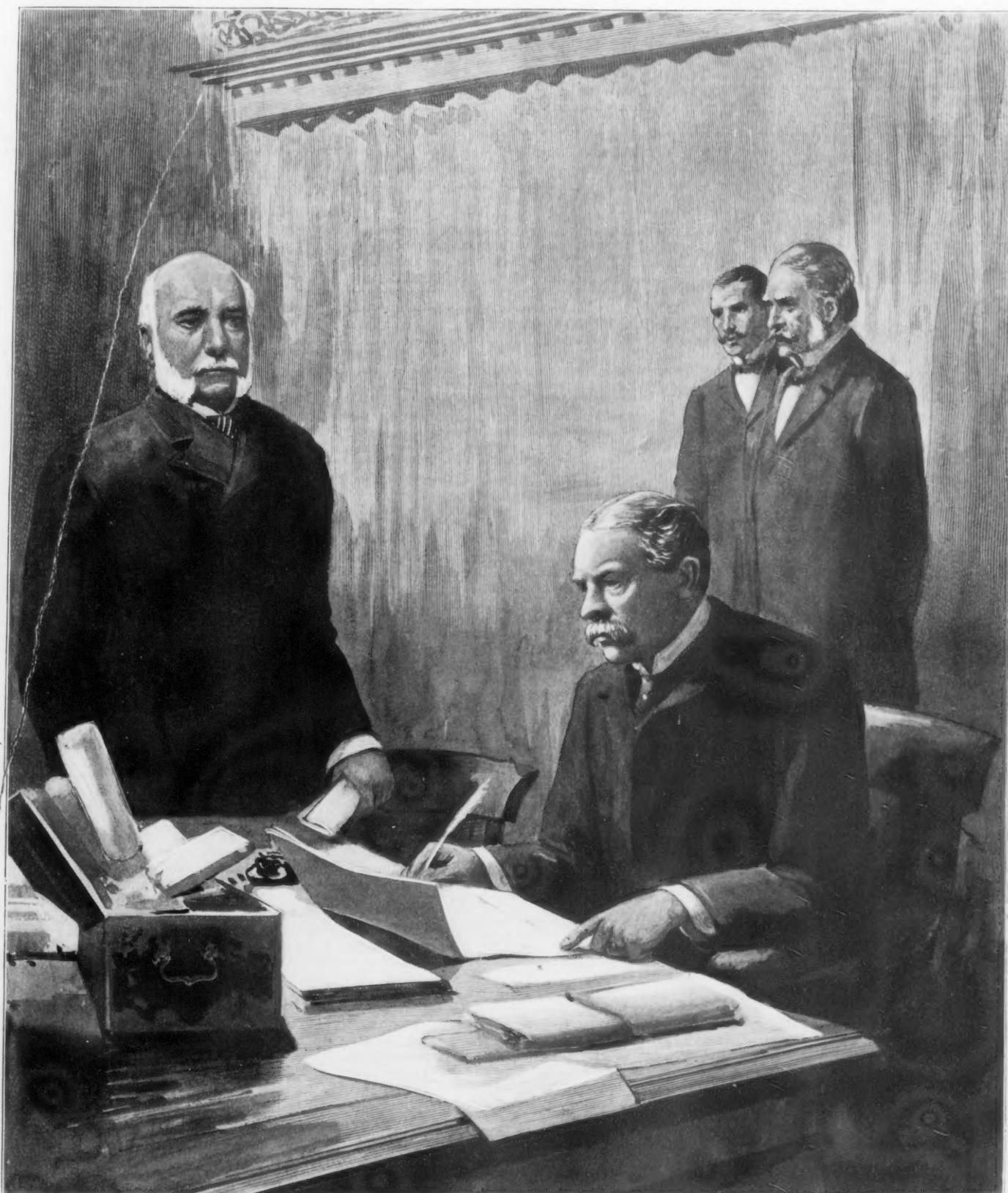
COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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SIGNING THE ARBITRATION TREATY AT WASHINGTON.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1897.

THE ARBITRATION TREATY WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

EVEN those American citizens who are least friendly to Mr. Cleveland—and for the moment he seems to have but few friends in either of the great political parties—must acknowledge that he has essayed to close his second term of office with a great and beneficent achievement. We refer, of course, to the treaty signed on January 11 by Mr. Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote. The admirable purpose of this treaty is declared in the preamble to be the desire of the United States and of Great Britain to consolidate the relations of amity existing between them, and to consecrate by treaty the principle of international arbitration. It is possible, of course, that the Senate will refuse to ratify the treaty; but even in that event the President will have done his best to conclude an agreement, which would prove of immeasurable benefit to English-speaking peoples, and which, by reason of the influence sure to be exercised by such an example, would constitute the longest step toward the elimination of the horrors of war that has been taken in the present century.

It is, in truth, an extraordinary change in the relations of our country to Great Britain which has occurred in about a twelvemonth. When on December 17, 1895, Mr. Cleveland sent to Congress his special Venezuela message, and the position taken therein was approved by the Federal legislature with enthusiasm and a close approach to unanimity, there was cause to fear that a war with England was inevitable. In a dispatch forwarded some months previously to our State Department, Lord Salisbury had averred in the most positive terms that the British government would never refer to arbitrators the title to any part of the territory claimed by British Guiana, lying east of the Schomburgk line. By their proceedings in December, however, the President and Congress virtually told Lord Salisbury that he must do that very thing, or expect to see the United States assist Venezuela in expelling by force British subjects from the disputed territory. When the year 1896 began, there were few Americans, and there probably was not one Englishman, that believed that the most powerful Prime Minister of the century, who had a majority of one hundred and fifty in the House of Commons, and practically the whole of the House of Lords at his back, could be made to swallow his own words, and utterly reverse a policy which he

had deliberately adopted. Nevertheless, the incredible has happened. Lord Salisbury has consented to do in the case of Venezuela the very thing which he said that he would never do; while to us, instead of the war which a year ago looked imminent, he offers a convention fraught with the safeguards of perpetual peace. No such startling transformation scene has been witnessed in the history of diplomacy, since France was suddenly turned from the hereditary foe into the ardent friend of Austria.

Let us note, first, what the provisions of the treaty just negotiated are, and then glance at some of the reasons for and against its ratification. By the first article, the parties agree to arbitrate under specified conditions all questions in difference which they may fail to adjust by diplomatic negotiations. Three kinds of controversies are distinguished, and three separate tribunals are provided. Thus, in one category are placed all pecuniary claims, or groups of claims, which in the aggregate do not exceed five hundred thousand dollars in amount, and which do not involve the determination of title to territory. Claims of this class are to be dealt with by a board of three arbitrators, each party nominating a jurist of repute, and the two men so nominated selecting an umpire. In the case of this board, the award of the majority of the members is to be final. In the second place, we observe that all pecuniary claims exceeding five hundred thousand dollars in amount, and all other matters in respect whereof either of the parties shall have rights against the other, provided they do not involve territorial claims, shall, in the first instance, be submitted to the board of arbitrators just described; but in this case the award, to be final, must be unanimous. If the award be not unanimous, either party may, within six months, appeal from it. In that event the matter in dispute shall be laid before an appellate tribunal made up of five jurists, no one of whom has been a member of the board whose award is to be reviewed. These five jurists are to be selected thus: Two by each party, and a fifth, to act as umpire, by these four. The award of a majority of the appellate tribunal shall be final. We come now to the third class of possible disputes; namely, controversies involving the determination of territorial claims, which are defined as including not only pretensions to territory, but all other claims raising questions of rights of navigation, access to fisheries, and all rights and interests necessary to control the enjoyment of either's territory. Claims of this kind are to be submitted to an entirely distinct tribunal consisting of six members. Three of these shall be Justices of the United States Supreme Court or Judges of Circuit Courts, and be nominated by the President; the other three members shall be Judges of the British Supreme Court, or members of the judicial committee of the Privy Council, and be nominated by the Queen. The award of this tribunal, if made by a majority of not less than five to one, is to be final. If there is less than the prescribed majority, the award shall also be final, unless either party within three months protests that the award is erroneous. If such a protest is made, or if the members of the tribunal are equally divided, there shall be no recourse to hostile measures of any description until the mediation of one or more friendly powers shall have been invited by one or the other party. It is further provided that, whenever the nominating bodies above mentioned fail to agree upon an umpire, the latter shall be appointed by the King of Sweden. We remark, lastly, that the minimum term for which the treaty shall remain in force, is five years; but it may continue operative for an indefinite period, or until a year after either party shall have notified the other of its wish to terminate it.

The treaty is obviously open to criticism on this ground: That as regards the controversies likely to require adjustment at an early date, there is for us no prospect of reaching a satisfactory settlement by means of the machinery provided. We refer to the Behring Sea question, which soon will need to be reargued and resettled, if the fur-seals are not to be exterminated; to the fisheries question, which, but for the present *modus vivendi*, might easily draw us into a quarrel with Canada; to the Alaska boundary question, which involves the ownership of a gold-bearing region; and to the Nicaragua Canal, including, of course, the bearings of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty upon it. What chance would the position taken by the

United States with reference to any of these questions have of gaining the sanction of five out of six arbitrators, three of whom are to be British jurists? Experience shows that such a tribunal would always be equally divided. If the decision of such a controversy were honestly desired, the parties to the treaty would create a tribunal of five members; two to be nominated by each party, and the fifth, or umpire, to be named either by agreement of the parties, or by some disinterested foreign sovereign. Moreover, the award should be valid, if made by a bare majority. As it stands, the clause in the treaty providing for the arbitration of territorial claims—the only claims about which we should be likely to go to war with England—is practically valueless. It is quite possible, however, that if the Senate, while accepting the treaty as a whole, should insist upon amending it in this particular, the assent of the British government to such a change might be procured. An amendment of this kind should certainly be asked for; for it is preposterous to provide elaborate machinery for submitting to arbitration money-claims of relative insignificance, while grave and dangerous questions concerning territory are virtually excluded from the same honorable, peaceful, and effective means of accommodation.

It is not, however, on the score of certain manifest deficiencies that the proposed arbitration treaty is most likely to meet with opposition in the Senate. To criticism of that kind there is a conclusive reply; namely, that, admitting the existence of shortcomings in the existing instrument, we should, nevertheless, accept it *quantum valeat*, as a considerable installment of the thing desired, and in the well-founded hope that it may be improved hereafter. It is, we repeat, on very different grounds that this treaty will be rejected, if to rejection it is doomed. Some Senators may argue that, the more the treaty should be improved the worse it would be for this country, since a perfect agreement which provided for the peaceful adjustment of every possible controversy would cut us off forever from the chance of gaining British North America, and would sacrifice the friendship of Russia, which has been tested at more than one critical conjuncture, for the purpose of conciliating England, which has repeatedly shown herself to be our bitter enemy. The advocates of these views may say that, so long as the Canadian Conservatives retain power at Ottawa, or constitute a powerful minority, there is no hope of the peaceful annexation of British North America; for, at the first move in that direction on the part of Canadian Liberals, their opponents with passionate clamor would implore England to save them from subjugation by the detested Yankees. The prayer would undoubtedly be granted, if the Conservative party were then in power at Westminster, or if the imperialist sentiment, now so assiduously cultivated, should have made considerable progress among the English people. It may also be pointed out that the motive, which has prompted the House of Romanoff to befriend us on several occasions, would be extinguished by a treaty framed for the very purpose of removing every cause of violent dissension between this country and Great Britain. As things are, it is well known at St. Petersburg that, in the event of a war between Russia and England, we might, if we chose, prove valuable allies, owing to the contiguity of Canada and the proximity of the Bermudas, the Bahamas and the British West Indies. It is our ability, we may be told, to render Russia a service, if we saw fit to exert it, which has made her anxious to win our gratitude and sympathy. Our capacity of usefulness to Russia, and her resultant eagerness to please us, may be regarded as national assets, which we should not heedlessly destroy.

This is true enough: If we ratify the arbitration treaty, we should do it with our eyes open to the fact that we shall thereby enter upon relations of close amity, if not of actual alliance, with Great Britain, which, sooner or later, will cause Russia to regard us no longer with cordiality but with indifference, if not ill-will. We would not underrate the gravity of such a change of sentiment; nevertheless, we are of the opinion that the United States have more to gain than to lose by a ratification of the treaty. At divers times in the past, and as lately as the period of our Civil War, we have undoubtedly received unpleasant proofs of dislike or jealousy on the part of England. But

we cannot cherish grudges and nurse resentment forever. We cannot go on eternally raking over the dead embers of Revolutionary fires. For nations, as for individuals, there should be such a thing as a statute of limitations. If a calm review of the advantages and disadvantages of the proposed treaty should lead to the conviction, that it is wise to form a permanent agreement with our ancient enemy, even at the cost of parting from a former friend, we should unquestionably listen to the voice of reason, not to that of sentiment. Now, it seems to us that good sense and foresight point unmistakably in that direction. The proposed arbitration treaty, if improved as we have suggested, and as, beyond doubt, it would be eventually, would bring about so close an approach to identity of interest and feeling, so close an approach to moral unity, that, even in the absence of an offensive and defensive alliance, we should be certain to receive the assistance of the British navy in the event of a war between our country and a Continental power. The danger that, in the twentieth century, the earth-hunger of over-peopled Europe might impel her to schemes of conquest in Latin America would thus be forever dispelled. It would be recognized throughout the world that England and the United States were joint guarantors of the principle that America is reserved for the Americans. Now for the objection that, by knitting indissoluble bonds of friendship with England, we should renounce the hope of the acquisition of British North America. We are of the opinion that a contrary deduction should be drawn from the premises. The moment that England ceased to fear us, the moment that she saw in us not only her best friends, but, in truth, her only friends upon the earth, she would lose her sole motive for retaining, at great cost to herself, her present possessions in North America. She would freely give us Canada and the Bermudas, the Bahamas and the British West Indies, for she would be glad to see them prosper, and she would know that she was giving them to her nearest friend and unshakable ally. The opposition to annexation in Canada itself would melt away, when it ceased to meet with any encouragement in England. Were there any hesitation on the subject, we have it in our power, the moment that a feeling of ardent friendship is aroused by the operation of an arbitration treaty, to offer England an inducement for such a cession of territory, at present burdensome to her, which she could not refuse. We could propose a Zollverein, or commercial union, of all the English-speaking peoples, which, while leaving us at liberty to impose customs duties on commodities coming from all the rest of the world, should admit, duty free, the products of all our kinfolk. That would be, indeed, a magnificent proposal of marriage between sovereigns, whereby the bridegroom would offer a majestic settlement, and the bride would bring a splendid dowry. No man, alive to the existing industrial and commercial condition of Great Britain, can entertain a moment's doubt that, in consideration of such a Zollverein, Great Britain would cheerfully surrender to us all her possessions in this hemisphere. Surrender, yes, and help us to guard them against the aggressions of a world in arms!

There is another and less selfish reason why the rejection of the arbitration treaty should be deemed a deplorable mistake. There are millions of persons still living in this country who know by experience something of the horrors of warfare, horrors made a thousand-fold more ghastly by the appliances of modern science. Is there any one of those persons, to whom the dreadful facts have been brought home, and is there any one of the others possessed of sufficient imagination to picture scenes which he has not witnessed, who would not welcome as a gift of God the annihilation of warfare, and the substitution of universal peace? There have been times, since "Locksley Hall" was penned by Tennyson, when his youthful aspiration for "the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World," has been quoted in bitter mockery. But woe be to the men and to the nation through which such mockery is made eternal! How can the reign of peace be brought about, unless a beginning is made somewhere between at least two nations? We fear that a curse would rest upon this country, if, having the precious opportunity of presenting a blessed example, she allowed the Sibylline occasion to slip by. From the hour when they begin to go to school, American children hear a great deal said about

their duty to their country; it is time that they were taught something of the duty which a nation of seventy millions owes to humanity at large. We shall have failed to discharge that duty, and the instructors and prophets of our people will have been grossly derelict, if, now that it is given us to lead mankind into the paths of peace, we falter, and haggle, and hang back.

The proposed arbitration treaty has some faults, but these can be corrected, either now or at some day not distant. That *any* treaty of the kind should be mooted between two great nations is an augury, which will be acclaimed in the armed camps of Europe with hope, and joy, and gratitude. A grievous responsibility will rest upon the United States Senate, should it dash this cup of promise from the lips of our fellowmen.

THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

THE presidential campaign being over, prominent men of both parties are naming some of the real causes of the hard times of the last four years, instead of blaming one party or other for everybody's business troubles and empty pockets. The latest wise deliverance on this subject is from Chauncey Depew, who says: "The real cause is that human inventions have progressed faster than the people could properly assimilate them. Inventions have brought about facilities of transportation that have practically annihilated the difference between the cost of production in the different countries." Mr. Depew might have gone further and said that inventions had changed prices and expectations in manufactured goods as well as in wheat and cotton—two staples for which the world used to depend upon the United States but which now are largely shipped from other lands. The manufacturers who have the time, foresight and capital to modify their business according to new inventions, and do it soon enough to avoid loss and perhaps ruin, are not as numerous as they ought to be for the general good of the most persistently inventive nation in the world. Manufacturers and merchants have quite as many business woes as the poor farmers, but, unlike the latter, they cannot keep from starving, when misfortune comes, by eating their own products.

Colorado has been the subject of much wonder and comment during the last few weeks, for its ballots went so largely one way on election day that the opposition vote was almost too small to see. The severest critic, however, of the political principles of the party which swept Colorado must admit that the new governor has set a commendable example regarding inaugurations; it is said that the entire expenses of the ceremony did not exceed five dollars. There was nothing whatever in the affair for railway companies, hotel keepers, and persons constitutionally predisposed to parading or otherwise displaying themselves in public; neither was there a tiresome, brain-racking, nerve-destroying day for a man who, having been elected to the highest office of the State, deserved only such treatment as would leave him entirely competent to attend to his many and important duties.

The oddest of all American illustrations of the proverb that "Custom makes law," is that a President of the United States is not lawfully elected until more than two months after the people have expressed their preference at the polls. The electoral colleges met last week, and had any of the members insisted upon voting for some one whose name was neither McKinley nor Bryan, they would have had full and free right under the constitution to do so. On the other hand, had they done so their names would have been recorded in history beside that of Benedict Arnold. So fixed is the custom of electors to vote according to their parties' requirements that it is doubtful the commission of any heinous crime by either of the candidates, after the November election, would have caused any change in the voting of the electoral colleges. The custom is as illogical as that of handing down a national government from father to son, as they do in Europe, but, like the European custom, it answers its purpose, which is all that can be asked of any political method.

The bicycle makes another bid for public gratitude, for were it not for the pneumatic tire would have not become so persistently in the public eye and mind. The great contribution which this tire, used on carriage wheels, makes to the comfort of people who can afford to affix them, has been noise abroad for some years, but recently the more important discovery has been made, through the efforts of scientific men who were not financially interested in the tire or rubber trade, that ordinary wagons with pneumatic tires require much less power to draw them than if they had ordinary iron tires. The experiments were made on all sorts of roads, from very good to very bad, and also through snow and mud, as well as at various rates of speed. The decrease in the amount of drawing power necessary was never less than thirty per cent; sometimes it reached fifty per cent, which was equivalent to enabling a single horse to draw a two-horse load. A set of pneumatic tires for a wagon or carriage would probably cost as much as an ordinary horse, but the horse would have to be fed, while the tires, like fairies, poets, live on air. The bicycle craze is doing more, although doing it indirectly, than all other influences to improve the condition of the roads throughout the country: if it succeeds also in lessening the burdens of the horse it will please every one except the horse-dealers.

The season's most unique bit of proposed legislation is reported from Kansas—a State which has done valiant service in providing the nation with political surprises. It is a bill to practically blot out the county lines and organizations of more than a third of the State, and from the remains to construct four large counties. The reasons for this extraordinary proposition are a series of agricultural disasters for which the farmers were not to blame; the entire section, which is in the western part of the State, has suffered so many seasons from drought

that the inhabitants had little chance from poor crops and no crops. Thousands of settlers have left the section to avoid starvation; more than ten thousand departed last year, leaving their homes unsold because no one would buy, and much of the abandoned land is in the market at a dollar an acre, which is less than government's bottom price for wild land. So large is Kansas, however, that were the thirty-nine counties specified in the bill to be transformed into cattle ranges, which is their probable fate, there will yet be an area larger than the State of Pennsylvania and nearly as large as New York—an area which is within the limits of sufficient rainfall, and with soil as fertile as any in the land. The arid section alone is as large as the State of Indiana. With the counties, if they must go, will disappear their offices; but as in some of them the collecting of taxes has become a lost art, office-holding has ceased to be a popular industry.

A shameful fact regarding the destitution and disappointment which have been suffered in Western Kansas is that the arid nature of the country was well known before railway companies and land agents began to "boom" the unoccupied land. Records of its annual rainfall for some years were in the possession of the government, and these showed conclusively that ordinary farm crops could not thrive there without irrigation. The late General Hazen, while he had charge of the Signal Service and Weather Bureau, lost no opportunity of giving publicity to this fact, and it was said that he lost his position in consequence, for there was a powerful Kansas "pull" at Washington in those days. The land was widely advertised, many thousands of young farmers in the older States were attracted by the glowing descriptions of the country and the easy terms on which land could be obtained, and a very large proportion threw away from six to twelve years of the best period of their lives. None of the tricksters have been killed by ruined farmers, which shows from what a remarkably law-abiding class the ruined farmers came. The new Governor of Kansas has just expressed, in his message to the Legislature, "profound regret for the misfortunes of our more pretentious sisters of the East;" but the East, with all appreciation of any kindly feeling, would cheerfully forego the regret for some assurance that Kansas would hunt down and ostracize every participant in the greatest and most injurious land swindle ever perpetrated in the United States. Meanwhile, the entire affair is worth keeping in mind against the time when a new Western land "enterprise" may be forced upon the people's attention.

Although the new Administration will not have as many offices to bestow as some of its predecessors, the President-elect is having no end of visitors, and no one will wonder that he has just added fifty thousand dollars to the amount of his life insurance. Work never killed a President, although the duties of the office are exacting, but in one way or other the office-seekers have killed off several—and without getting better men into the offices sought.

The Southern States that wish their seaports better fortified and otherwise protected, and that have called a convention to determine what shall be done in the premises, might suggest to Congress that they deserve liberal appropriations in the Fortifications bill, if only because they have asked so little money for new public buildings. The Public Buildings bill for the entire country has just been reported, and it calls for about eight million dollars, of which the seacoast States of the South are allotted less than one dollar in thirty. As public buildings are not voted unless they are asked for, the South seems to have been commendably modest and to be deserving of special reward therefor.

Half a dozen Japanese were recently hanged almost to death in the California county in which is the State capital, their offense being that they were doing some honest labor for which they had been employed; then their employer had a noose thrown around his neck and was threatened with hanging if he employed any but white labor. China does not resent such treatment of her people, but if Japan, which is a proud and plucky nation with a good army and navy, should send over a fleet to demand satisfaction it would be merely what we would do were the conditions reversed. White men with a mania for abusing yellow men ought to be taught the difference between Chinese and Japanese.

The purchase of Alaska by the United States, about thirty years ago, was regarded as a favor to Russia and a slap at Great Britain, but principally as a great joke and a waste of money. Since then the new territory has more than paid its cost, through the government's income from the sealing companies; one of our largest and most profitable gold mines is on the Alaska coast, and it has been demonstrated that there are large gold deposits in the Yukon Valley. Despite the severity of the climate during half the year, there might be far more business done in Alaska were it not for the absence of means of subsistence and transportation; horses cannot exist in the northern portion, nor can cattle and sheep be raised for food. Six years ago there was some more joking about Alaska, the occasion being the introduction of reindeer, with the hope of keeping the Esquimaux from freezing and starving, yet it appears from the last official report that the reindeer have increased to more than a thousand; they have been divided into herds, each herd being cared for near a mission station; food for the animals costs nothing—not even labor, for it consists of a peculiar moss which covers about half of the territory. Some of the animals have been broken to harness, and there is great demand for them for draught purposes. In short, the experiment has been so successful that our government is arranging with that of Russia for the purchase of many hundreds more of the animals in Siberia, with view to creating a permanent supply of food and draught animals in Alaska. As reindeer are the sole means of food, clothing and travel in Lapland, and the natives sell annually thousands of skins and hundreds of tons of meat to countries further south, it appears that Alaska may again turn the joke upon the jokers, besides being developed commercially further than has been thought possible.

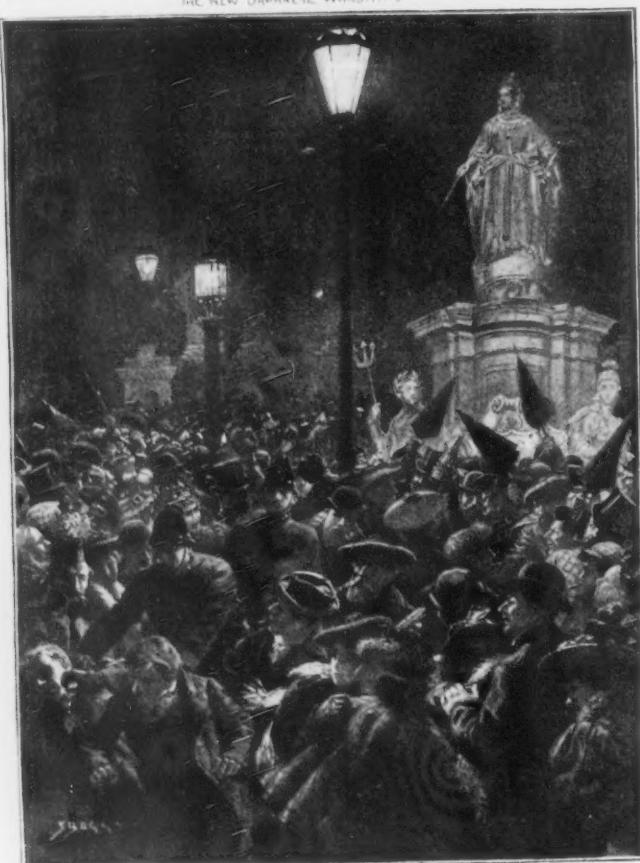
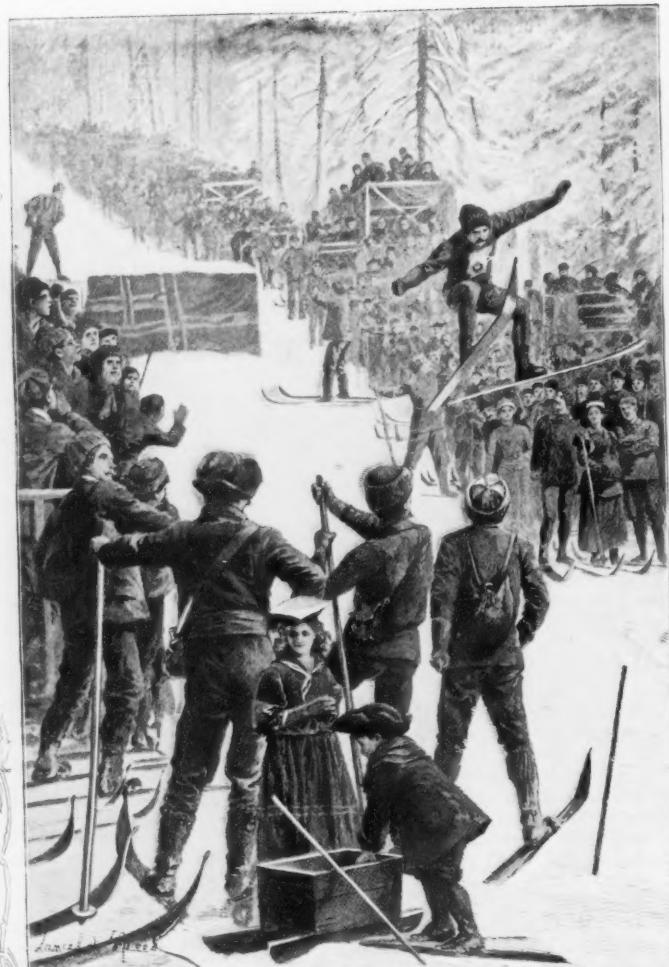
A STATUE of the late Count Ferdinand de Lesseps is about to be erected at Port Said, at a point overlooking the harbor and the entrance to the Suez Canal.



ESCAPE OF PRISONERS FROM DARTMOOR. VIEW OF THE PRISON - JULY 1813. LONDON NEW YORK



THE NEW JAPANESE WARSHIPS



NEW YORKERS ON THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL JULY 1861. LONDON NEW YORK



HERNANDO DE SOTO MONEY.

Hon. Hernando de Soto Money, Senator-elect from Mississippi, was born in Holmes County in that State in 1838. He was elected consecutively to the House of Representatives, from the Fourth Mississippi District, in 1874, 1876, 1878, 1880, 1882; and again in 1892 and 1894. He now "goes up higher," having been elected by the Legislature at Jackson to represent his native State in the National Senate for the next three Congresses. Senator-elect Money is a typical Southerner, carries his years youthfully, and is noted for his energy, beldency to independence, and a keen sense of personal responsibility in all important official concerns. He is a tireless searcher after details, and has achieved distinction by his industry and great personal force, as well as by the many elements of popularity that are his personal characteristics. Senator-elect Money has come prominently before the nation during the past week by reason of his trip to Cuba, during which he saw for himself a great many things that threw considerable much-needed light upon the real situation down there. It is expected that Congress will take official cognizance of the information thus afforded, though Mr. Money did not make the trip in an official capacity. His published accounts of the trip have been received with due interest throughout the country. He returns, he says, fully convinced that Cuba will eventually succeed—a conviction which he did not carry with him to the island; that the Spanish cannot end the war; that Weyler must soon leave, and that Cuban independence, whether near or far away, is at last assured. Much valuable information is also given by Mr. Money as to the real nature of Spain's control of the resources and valuable properties on the island. The railroads of Spain are built by foreign capital upon a ninety-nine years' lease. The Almaden silver mines are under lease to the Rothschilds.



GENERAL MILES, U.S.A.

Major-General Nelson Appleton Miles, military head of the United States Army, was born at Westminster, Mass., Aug. 8, 1839. He received an academic education and was engaged in business when the Civil War broke out. Entering the army as a lieutenant of volunteers he rose to the full rank of major-general of volunteers during the progress of the struggle, and was made a colonel in the regular army in 1866. For exceptional bravery on the battlefields of the Civil War he was breveted brigadier-general and major-general in 1867. After the close of the war he was stationed principally in the West, where his vigor as an Indian fighter gained for him world-wide fame, besides eliminating much of the difficulty of the Indian problem, and at the same time leading up to a formal recognition of his fitness for commanding positions. He received the full rank of brigadier-general in 1880, and on the death of General Crook in 1890 was made major-general in the regular army, now the highest grade in the service. Since his elevation to the head of the army General Miles has had something more serious than Indian fighting. He was a national figure during the great railroad strike in Chicago and other points growing out of the Pullman troubles. He has become even more prominent since by his many military publications and his official communications to Washington. During the past week the General was present in New York City at the grand military pageant in Madison Square Garden, for the benefit of the National Guard of the Greater New York. General Miles is not a dress-parade or theoretical militarist. He believes in his calling and seems to think it has considerable of a future even in this non-warlike republic. Personally he is immensely popular with soldiers of all grades and ranks, though he is a rigid disciplinarian and inflexibly severe when occasion requires.



SEÑOR DUPUY DE LOME.

The present Spanish Minister at Washington, Senor Henry Dupuy de Lome, has held the position only since the beginning of 1896. It is believed that the honor was conferred in this case at the special request of the head of the Spanish Government, Premier Canovas del Castillo. The position has been one requiring much patience, tact and coolness of judgment, ever since the present Spanish Minister took charge, and the inference is that the special selection was made in view of De Lome's special fitness—a circumstance that rather heightens the honor implied in his appointment to the position itself. The Senor was born in Valencia, Spain, in 1851. He was educated at the University of Barcelona, after which he took up the study of law and was admitted to the Bar. Eventually, however, he found diplomacy more suited to his tastes and special abilities. At the age of twenty-one he became third secretary of the Spanish Ministry of State, having previously occupied several minor positions in that department. In 1873 he was a member of the Spanish Legation at Tokio, Japan; in 1875 he was sent to Brussels. In 1880 he had his first New World experience as Secretary of Legation at Buenos Ayres, and two years later he became first Secretary of the Spanish Legation at Washington. In 1884 he was transferred to Berlin. In all, he has served Spain as a diplomat of rare talents for more than twenty years, and finds himself now, at the age of forty-five, surrounded by "conditions" at Washington that might tax the resources of a Palmerston or a De Giers. Speaking of Minister de Lome personally, and not at all in reference to the Spanish-Cuban troubles, it must be admitted that he has acquitted himself in these trying emergencies with dignity, respectfulness and a fair measure of success in the main point for him—to stand by the Government which he represents.



PRESIDENT CRESPO.

Joaquin Crespo was born in the town of Miranda, Venezuela, in 1845. He is of mixed Indian and Spanish blood, and has been called "a true son of the pampas." While still quite young, he enlisted in the cause of the Federal party, as contradistinguished from that of the Unionist or centralizing party. His name is conspicuous in the report of the victory of Cano Amarillo in 1871. After the triumph of his cause under Don Guzman Blanco, he was treated with great consideration, eventually becoming President, or Governor, of the State of Guárico; and, from 1885 until 1886, President of Venezuela. Subsequently, Guzman Blanco, through his influence which was then all-powerful, made Dr. Juan P. Rojas Paul the Federal Chief Magistrate. In defense of the Republican Constitution, Gen. Crespo headed an insurrection against an executive whom he regarded as a usurper, but this movement was unsuccessful, and Rojas Paul was left in control of the Caracas government. In 1892 Gen. Crespo organized a revolution against Palacio, then President, occupied Caracas, and soon afterward was himself elected President. The ex-dictator, Guzman Blanco, was sent to Europe as Minister to France and England in 1884 and continued to discharge that function for a number of years, but since the rebellion of '92 he has not represented Venezuela or returned to it. It is said of President Crespo that since the threatened trouble with France and Belgium, he is stronger with his people than any previous ruler of his country. There is no doubt that he personally desires the ratification by the Venezuela Federal Congress of the agreement for arbitration of the British Guiana boundary controversy, but he is said to have requested a slight modification, whereby Venezuela shall herself appoint one member of the board of arbitrators.



BLUE JACKETS PLAYING FOOTBALL IN THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.



BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THE Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé—who, in addition to being a man of great amiability, has made international literature his debtor through the passport with which he provided Dostoevsky—supplies, in the current issue of the "Forum," a genre portrait of the Pope, which, in view of the reports of the latter's health, is worth reproduction:

"The stranger first knocks at the *portone*—that wall of bronze which separates the voluntary prisoner from the world. He climbs interminable marble stairs; he traverses galleries peopled with masterpieces of art; everywhere silence, solitude, the overwhelming majesty of great memories and bygone centuries. In mounting these solemn steps the most powerful monarch experiences a sense of personal insignificance; at long intervals he touches lightly in passing silent shadows which have, despite himself, power to expand or limit his authority; he can say, with Goethe's 'Egmont,' 'I see before me silent and pensive spirits who weigh in shadowy scales the destiny of princes and of peoples.'

"A door opens, giving egress to one of those missionaries returning, it may be, to Peru, to China, or to Australia, armed with instructions appropriate to the precise needs of the flock to which he returns. The visitor is admitted in his turn into a small salon draped with yellow silk; a crucifix hangs upon the wall; several chairs are ranged along the two sides of the room; at the back, beneath a canopy of crimson damask, a pale, white form is seated on a gilded chair. It is the embodiment of the spirit which animates all the spiritual governors spread over the planet; which unceasingly follows them to each inquietude, to all the sufferings whose distant plaint reaches his ear. So slight, so frail; like a soul draped in a white shroud! And yet, as one approaches him, this incorporeal being, who appeared so feeble when seen standing at the services in the Sistine Chapel, assumes an extraordinary intensity of existence. All the life has centered in the hands grasping the arms of the chair, in the piercing eyes, in the warmth and strength of the voice. Seated and animated in conversation, Leo XIII. seems twenty years younger. He talks freely, easily; he questions the speaker by word and look; eager for details of the country under discussion, of its prominent men, of public opinion. The Pope does not linger over the puerilities of piety; he introduces at once the serious problems of human existence, real and vital interests. Soon he grows animated in developing his favorite topics; presenting them with a few sweeping sentences, clear, concise, acceptable to all. 'We must go to the people, conquer the hearts of the people. . . . We must seek the alliance of all honest folk, whatsoever their origin or opinion. . . . We must not lose heart. . . . We will triumph over prejudice, injustice, and error.'

"It is impossible to forget the look, the gesture, the ring of the voice, with which he follows you, as you retire backward, your fingers already grasping the door-knob; the hand extended with a sudden propelling of the whole body from the chair; the inflection of those last words which linger in the ear of the visitor returning to his own land: 'Courage! Work! Come back to see me again!' Never a melancholy word; never one of those allusions, so customary in the aged, to the lessening chances of meeting a friend once more. On leaving this man of eighty-eight one carries away a singular impression: it is, that he does not wish to die, so long as there is a battle to fight; that he does not think of death; that he will not die!"

The Princess of Caraman and of Chimay has written to such friends as remain to her that there is not on earth a woman more unhappy than she. I can well believe it. She had everything—position and of the highest, homes that were palaces, youth, health, good looks, a husband, children, money without end. Everything the heart could ask, and deliberately, *pour rien, pas même pour le plaisir*, for nothing at all, not even for the fun of it, she threw it away, flung it into the mud while the whole world looked on and to the music of a wretched oaf danced a sarabande on what remained. It is idle to throw stones at her. She has disgraced herself more wantonly and effectually than has any one in fiction or out of it. Though you threw stones at her by the million you would hurt her less than she has hurt herself. For pain such as hers there is no remedy. It will prolong and increase until death comes and oblivion, too. Meanwhile there are the music-halls that are open to her, the jeers of the gallery, a thousand dollars a night until the jeers cease, then the bottle and then the gutter, but always that pain, always that shameful and nameless disgrace. It is not stones she deserves, it is pity.

Robert Louis Stevenson's death, or rather the last day of his life, is described in the last number of the "Academy" by his stepson, Mr. Lloyd Osborne, who, it appears, is tired of writing personal letters about it. It is headed "A Letter to Mr. Stevenson's Friends," and is replete with details which have not before been published:

"He wrote hard all that morning of the last day. His half-finished book, 'Hermitage,' he judged the best he had ever written, and the sense of successful effort made him buoyant and happy as nothing else could. In the afternoon the mail fell to be answered: replies to the long, kindly letters of distant friends. At sunset he came downstairs; rallied his wife about the forebodings she could not shake off: talked of a lecturing tour to America he was eager to make, as he was now so well, and played a game of cards with her to drive away her melancholy. He said he was hungry; begged her assistance to help him make a salad for the evening meal; and, to enhance the little feast, he brought up a bottle of old Burgundy from the cellar. He was helping his wife on the veranda and gayly talking, when suddenly he put both hands to his head and cried out: 'What's

that?' Then he asked quickly, 'Do I look strange?' Even as he did so, he fell on his knees beside her. He was helped into the great hall between his wife and his body servant Sosimo, losing consciousness instantly as he lay back in the armchair that had once been his grandfather's. Little time was lost in bringing the doctors—Anderson, of the man-of-war, and his friend, Dr. Funk. They looked at him and shook their heads; they labored strenuously, and left nothing undone. But he had passed the bounds of human skill. He had grown so well and strong that his wasted lungs were unable to bear the strain of returning health. The dying man lay back in his chair, breathing heavily, his family about him frenzied with grief as they realized all hope was passed. The dozen or more Samoans who formed part of the little clan of which he was chief sat in a wide semicircle on the floor, their reverent, troubled, sorrow-stricken faces all fixed upon their dying master. Some knelt upon knee to be instantly ready for any command that might be laid upon them. A narrow bed was brought into the center of the room, the master was gently laid upon it, his head supported by a rest, the gift of Shelley's son. Slower and slower grew his respiration, wider the interval between the long, deep breaths. Rev. Mr. Clarke was now come, an old and valued friend; he knelt and prayed as the life ebbed away. He died at ten minutes past eight on Monday evening, December 3, in the forty-fifth year of his age."

The "Sun," in a recent issue, makes mention of Mr. Robert W. H. Ahearn, who is described as "a young man dressed in the height of fashion, wearing a big diamond in his shirt front and a profusion of jewelry. The "Sun" is one of the best edited papers in the world. It is always clever, sometimes very able, and now and again it has a literary flavor which is quite Continental. In view of these things, others, too, the foregoing statement is of interest. Without being in any sense a man of fashion, I not infrequently have occasion to mingle with men who are, and it seems to be now years and years since I have seen on one of them a diamond in the shirt front and jewelry profuse or even otherwise. In the evening, a decennium ago, smart young men here and abroad used to wear a shirt stud of great effulgence; sometimes it would be a ruby set in brilliants, sometimes a sapphire, now and again an opal, as often as not a pearl. Their white ties, too, were often fastened with little jeweled pins, and on the fourth and fifth fingers there were usually precious stones. But even in that remote epoch diamonds there were none, at most there were little sparks that were settings for other gems. Diamonds in fashionable life were seen then only on women. If I may do so without indiscretion I will assure the "Sun" that such is the case to-day, and I will venture also to add that it is forever and a night since men "dressed in the height of fashion" have worn jewelry of any kind. From their fingers the rings have fallen, from their shirts the effulgence has gone, even the little pins have vanished. There was an hour when well-dressed men wore chains of gold about their neck. The last one I remember to have beheld in polite society was on the person of Lord Lytton. From the neck these chains sank to the waistcoat, then to a side pocket of the trousers, whence, ultimately, they disappeared. A gathering of men of fashion to-day it is exceptional to see so much as a watch guard. Scarf pins, too, which used to be splendid in their brilliance, have gone the way of rings. Now and then you may see one, but always it is simple and generally it is plain. The jewel boxes of men of fashion contain but little nowadays. If you look through them you will find one or two sets of gold sleeve links, one or two gold collar buttons and a few small pearl studs, but nothing else, except perhaps a scarf-pin. Jewelry firms are failing right and left, not because as was alleged of the bicycle but because of the simplicity of prevailing taste. Mr. Ahearn must be just the kind of a chap to set them on their feet again. Personally I should be delighted if there were more men who dressed as the "Sun" describes him. I am very fond of jewels—on other people."

Mr. George W. Smith, a gentleman residing on a farm in Howard County, Maryland, is reported to have uncovered with his plow a petrified human body of such great dimensions that local scientists have pronounced it to be the remains of some member of a prehistoric giant race. I wonder if the local scientists are right. I remember a similar instance a number of years ago. The petrified body of a prehistoric giant was found in the northern part of this State. It was brought to New York and put on exhibition. The local scientists of the hour pronounced it a fake. And a fake it was. But this may not be, for apparently giants there have been. In the Bible they are plentiful. There was Og, king of Bashan, whose iron bedstead was nine cubits long. There was Goliath of Gath whose height was six cubits and a span. And there was Ishbi-benob whose spear weighed three hundred shekels of brass. But these were mere pygmies if we can believe M. Henrion, who in 1718 calculated the heights of divers notable persons—thus he found Adam was 121 ft. 9 in. high, Eve 118 ft. 9 in., Noah 27 ft., Abraham 20 ft., and Moses 13 ft. Putting aside the mythical classical giants, Pliny says: "The tallest man that has been seen in our times was one Gabbaras by name, who was brought from Arabia by the Emperor Claudius: his height was nine feet and as many inches. In the reign of Augustus there were two persons, Posio and Secundilla by name, who were half a foot taller than him; their bodies have been preserved as objects of curiosity in the Museum of the Sallustian family." But it is reserved to Sir John Mandeville to have found the tallest giants of, comparatively speaking, modern times. "And beyond that valey is a great yle, where people as great as giants of xxviii fote long, and they have no clothing but beasts skyns that hang on them, and they eat no bread, but flesh raw, and drink milke, and they have no houses, & men say to us that beyonde that yle is an yle where are greater giants as xl or I fote long, & some said I cubits long (seventy-five feet) but I saw them not, and among those giants are great shepe, and they beare great wolle, these shepe have I seen many times."

Mr. Fernando Yznaga has made his début in the drawing-room of letters, and I am glad of the opportunity to wish him as many laurels as his brow will

hold. The number of fashionable women who frequent that drawing-room is always large, but fashionable men, in this country at least, have fought it pretty shy. The appearance of Mr. Yznaga is therefore doubly welcome. In wishing him success I will also take the opportunity of offering him a little advice. In the first place I will recommend him not to discourage the autograph fiend. The postage stamps which they send are not only handy to have about the house but add materially to one's income. In the second place I recommend him never to mention a brother writer, though that writer be one who has achieved mediocrity in its perfection, otherwise than in the most admiring fashion. Should he tell the truth and declare him a bore the accusation of jealousy will be inevitable. In the third place I recommend him to agree with everybody who finds fault with anything he may have said. Such an attitude is not only serviceable in that it saves breath, but it is disconcerting in the extreme. In the fourth place I will recommend him not to polish his paragraphs, it is time thrown away. In the fifth place I will recommend him to discuss now and then the recondite and the abstruse, for only in that way can he hope to be considered wise. In the sixth place I recommend him to exercise inordinate and in public, for an author who is not an athlete is not in it to-day. Finally I recommend him not to set up a coach and four on the prospective emoluments of his profession.

The plague now raging in India recalls that Black Death which stalked over the world centuries ago and which destroyed fifty million people. It began in China, spread over Asia, reached Constantinople whence it passed into Europe, into Africa as well. Parts of India were entirely depopulated. In certain sections of Asia not a human being was left. In Europe people killed themselves to avoid it. The graveyards were insufficient for the dead. Houses, untenanted, fell in ruins. Among the devout there was a rush to the monasteries, a consecration of everything to the church. In certain instances where gates were shut, gold and treasure was thrown over them. The Black Death came, devastated and disappeared. Scientists are agreed that it was a blessing in disguise, very much in disguise I should say. Of course the present plague will spread to Europe and may visit us. But sanitary conditions are different from what they were, from what they are in India, for that matter, and we have little to fear.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

"SHAMUS O'BRIEN," the Irish opera produced at the Broadway Theater a fortnight ago, was received by the critics with entire unanimity of enthusiasm and applause. As a consequence, when, a few evenings later, I went to listen to it, it was with every expectation of enjoying a treat. I regret to say that my expectations were not fulfilled. The music was neither melodious nor interesting, the singing was mediocre, the book was lack-luster, and altogether it was a depressing affair. That the book should be trite and the vocalization ordinary are side issues, the point which perplexed me was that the score should have been as humdrum as it was. It is not given to every composer of Irish partitions to be a Balfe, and I shan't find fault with the author of "Shamus O'Brien" because he can't take after him, but it seems to me that instead of handing out compositions of his own it would have been far better had he revamped and rewritten some of the enchanting melodies which are indigenous to the Irish soil.

Irish music, and in particular the ancient Irish school of harp-playing, have been in high repute for ages. In the twelfth century John of Salisbury wrote: "The skill of this people in music I find worthy of commendation, it is beyond comparison superior to that of any nation that I have seen." During the reign of Queen Elizabeth three airs blew over the Channel which delighted the gentry and the court. One was called "Ochone," another "Dumpe," and the third "Callino Casturane." To the latter there is an allusion in Shakespeare's "Henry V.," where Pistol addresses a French soldier thus: "Calen o custure me!"—an expression which has kept many a commentator awake, and well it might, for it was the English attempt to spell as pronounced the charming and pathetic ballad "Colleen, oge astore"—Young girl who art my treasure. But to tell of all the lovely Irish songs and ballads demands more space than is at my command. Besides there were, and are, jigs without number; there were moneens, reels, battle music, dirges and cronnans. In addition, every civil occupation in Ireland had a melody of its own: milking, for instance, spinning and plowing had each its appropriate tune.

From these premises it is regrettable that composers of Irish operas in general, and the composer of "Shamus O'Brien" in particular, should neglect native arias when weaving a score. It would increase the local color and the box-office receipts as well.

From the Olympia there comes the rumor of a promise that we are to have a grand spectacular ballet at last. There is a bit of good news. There is nothing, theatrically speaking, as beautiful as a beautiful ballet. One recently given at the Empire in London was so charming that the art magazines became pictorial with it. Here it is forever and a day since a good one has been produced. But there are people yet alive who remember the loveliness of "The White Fawn," the enchantments of "Babel and Bijou," and who will be glad to welcome any thing even a fraction as good.

Meanwhile the management of the Olympia present two novelties—one a divette and the other a skit. The divette, Karina by name, is one of the most repellent ladies I have ever seen on or off the stage. But she has the real French huskiness in her throat, an enormous amount of dash, and those who like that sort of thing she seems to please very much. The skit has for subject a notorious dinner recently given in this city, concerning which the police are busy still. There are a number of young men in different varieties of intoxication, and before them young women appear and dance. The lines are bright, the dancing is brisk, and the hilarity of the young men collegiate in the extreme. It is typical and realistic, and while it is not in the least improper it is yet so many removes from what we denominate as art, that I can't recommend it to any save those who, as in the case of Karina, like that sort of thing.

THE SURPRISES OF SCIENCE.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

DUST and ashes are to be abolished, swept away by harnessed tides. For years scientists have been considering the feasibility of utilizing the ocean, and they have estimated that sufficient power could be obtained from it to supply all the cities along the coast with electricity and revolutionize our methods of furnishing heat and light. But there were difficulties. There was the ebb and flow to be mastered, and there were means to be devised whereby the electricity could be stored. These difficulties have latterly been overcome. A short time ago patents were granted for a tidal water power and a small experimental plant was erected at Bower's Cove, on Narragansett Bay, Rhode Island. At this point where there is a continuous current an artificial dam was built. Last winter it was swept away, but not until after the success of the enterprise had been demonstrated. In the spring work was resumed. The dam was made stronger, a larger set of turbine wheels was put in and the process of manufacturing electricity begun. It is now estimated that the plant will supply power sufficient to run machinery of whatever nature, to warm and light all buildings and streets, and to run all cars within a hundred miles. Presently there will be others, and coal and dust will have had their day. The power exerted by the tides along the coast being ten thousand times greater than that produced by the falls of Niagara, the possibility of controlling and utilizing it means that a new era has dawned.

Discoveries in support of the Darwinian theory are increasing. In Mexico recently there have been found skeletons of some early tribe of men, each of which is provided with caudal bones that in life must have turned up like squirrel's tail. Nor is this all. A month ago brief mention was made here of Paul d'Enjouy's surprising adventure in Indo-China. The mention was derived from a cablegram to the Associated Press. Since then a copy of "L'Anthropologie" has been received in which M. d'Enjouy relates the adventure at length. It was while exploring a forest in French Annam that he and his party happened on an old savage. The latter was up a tree gathering honey. The moment he caught sight of the strangers he slid down in such a fashion that at first sight he was taken for a monkey. M. d'Enjouy succeeded in surrounding him with a ring of coolies, from whom he tried to escape by butting them with his head. But presently he became more docile, or, perhaps, outwitted, and led his captors to his lair, a long tunnel in a great heap of leaves, where there were others of his race who fled precipitately, leaving behind a few bamboo pipes, polished stones and copper bracelets, articles which M. d'Enjouy believes were obtained from the Annamites in some species of trade.

The captive is described by the explorer as having a well-marked caudal appendage and ankle bones with excrescences that suggested a cock's spurs. He managed to say by the aid of the Annamites of the expedition, who were astonished at his tail and called him a monkey, that according to tradition all of the tribe once had tails, and that through intermarriage with tailless neighbors most members of the tribe are now also tailless.

This was about all that was learned from him, for soon after he was captured he poisoned one of the coolies and escaped, and it was necessary to hurry out of the forest in order to save the coolie's life. M. d'Enjouy, however, is almost willing to believe that the ancestors of his temporary captive really had tails, and were midway between savage man and the ape. The tribe is known by many names in the several languages of its more civilized neighbors, and is hated by all as a race of brutish savagery. It is called Moi by the Annamites, and some Annamite neighbors of the Moi, subjects of France, are noted as having prehensile feet, perhaps from intermarriage with them.

There has been invented an instrument called the phonendoscope, which is indorsed by the scientists of Europe, and which, in pathology and surgery, promises to be of far greater value than the stethoscope. The latter is of use only in denoting by sound the condition of the heart and lungs, but the phonendoscope goes deeper, and reveals sounds never before audible. Its office is to determine the difference between the sound of healthy and unhealthy action in any part of the body and even to detect differences in the condition of the blood. Its essential principle is much the same as that of the phonograph and the telephone—the duplication, by physical means, of the minute vibrations upon which sounds depend. These vibrations, producing no audible effect in ordinary circumstances, are caught on a thin circular plate of ferrotype, the same material that is used in telephones. Ferrotype is used here in preference to vulcanized rubber because of its lack of elasticity and because of its mathematical correctness and the faithfulness of its vibrations. With this plate, or vibrator, however, the instrument's resemblance to the telephone ceases. Gathering up these sound waves it concentrates them into a sort of metal drum. This drum contains a little spring pressing on the vibrator to give it greater play, and has two small holes to admit the sound waves into its center. On one side is the vibrator, to be laid on whatever part of the body is to be tested; on the other are two little metal tubes, fastened firmly in and communicating directly with the center. To these metal tubes are attached long flexible rubber ones, with ear tips on their ends, intended to be put directly into the ears of the surgeon.

A practical solution of the great problem how to utilize as plant-food the endless stores of nitrogen in the air, has been found by Professor Nobbe, in Germany, who gives the name of Nitragin to cultures of bacteria which are now being manufactured for agricultural purposes as a result of experiments conducted by him.

It has been known since 1877 that the process of nitrification—or the production of nitrates in the soil from organic compounds and ammonia, containing nitrogen—is due to the action of minute organisms. Fertility of soil varies with the proportions in which

these organisms are present. But a still more interesting discovery, made in 1886, is that certain nodules or excrescences on the roots of leguminous plants are infested with bacteria which are able to render the free nitrogen of the air available to the plant. Nitragin consists of pure cultures of these bacteria obtained by ordinary methods. There are two ways of inoculating the soil, 1. By immersing seed in a solution of the culture, and then drying it before sowing; 2, by inoculating a quantity of fine sand or earth in the same way, and spreading it over the soil. The cost is said to be extremely moderate.

A surprise for surgeons is the use to which an egg has recently been put. The ear-drum of a patient had been punctured as the result of a long attack of grippe. The specialist in attendance on the invalid took an egg, which he broke and dropped the yolk and the white into a pan. On the inside of the shell is a thin skin, and this the specialist removed and spread on a piece of sterilized glass. With a scissors he cut a round bit of it, being careful meanwhile not to lose any of its under coating of albumen, and then distending the ear he introduced the skin by means of a probe, gently forcing the bit of egg over the punctured part. The skin stuck, covered the aperture caused by the wound, and nature did the rest.

In Chicago trees are dying from the top and the cause is traced to the electric lights. Those that are close to them suffer most, but even those that are a hundred feet away suffer also. The injury is due to the fact that light has the same effect on them that it would have on human beings who were compelled to constantly endure its glare. They are unable to sleep. When they, like the rest of nature, need sleep the flaring electricity keeps them awake. They can't stand it. To them as to all creation, whether animal or vegetable, rest is a requisite and the lack of it death.

The trial trip of the torpedo boat "Turbinia," which was built for the purpose of testing the application to marine propulsion of a new steam turbine engine, appears to have been a remarkable success. The boat attained the extraordinary speed of thirty-four miles an hour from only one water-tube boiler. The propeller was driven at the rate of 2,400 revolutions a minute, which is more than three times the highest rate heretofore reached in marine propulsion. The following claims are made for the new system: Increased speed; increased carrying power; increased economy in steam consumption; reduced initial cost; reduced weight of machinery; reduced cost of attendance, and reduced vibration. Brava "Turbinia!"

SILHOUETTES.

BY J. R. C. HOYT

II.

WOMEN who are apt to appear in public together, and who wish to produce a good impression by their appearance, must see the advisability of considering one another in the choice of their gowns, in order that the juxtaposition may be agreeable and harmonious. It so often happens that one sees in the street two very well dressed women walking side by side, either of whom taken separately would be charming, but the shades of whose gowns, in close proximity, clash in such a way that the whole effect is most discordant. This is so often the case when the two are sisters or mother and daughter, who must necessarily expect to be constantly together, and who, it would seem, would have every chance of arranging really delightful "symphonies of color." In a ball-room, girls fully appreciate the disastrous effect of these opposing shades, and will avoid their best friend if the pink of her gown causes their own to fade, or another one's blue turns theirs into an unbecoming green; but they do not always seem to realize that this rule applies to their street dresses as well.

Apropos of the bicycle craze, there is a question just now under discussion among fashionable women who have taken up this form of exercise in the hope that their "too too solid flesh would (thereby) melt," as to whether the use of the wheel tends in the long run to increase or reduce the weight. That there should be any doubt on the subject is very discouraging to many elderly women, who frankly confess that their whole object in riding is to become thin, and that apart from this they take no pleasure in it, regarding it on the whole as a rather trying ordeal. Happily for these ladies who are desirous of reducing their embonpoint, if bicycling proves a disappointment there is another machine which would seem to have been especially invented for their needs. This new flesh reducer, which has the exhilarating name of Vigor's horse exercise, is made in England and has become extremely popular. Its construction comprises a toll saddle built on springs, resting on a stand, and extending about four feet above the ground; from this projects two handles like those of a bicycle by which the rider may hold on, and two stirrups on either side for the feet; in these he or she must rise as in riding, and this sets the springs of the saddle in the jerky motion which is supposed to resemble the movement of a horse. For healthy indoor gymnastics, and also as a means of reducing weight, it is said to be capital. This horse dummy may be ridden astride or side saddle fashion, as the rider pleases, and the exercise, although rather violent is delightful, they say, when you get accustomed to it. A mild and sedate old English lady, a grandmother for many years, remarked when describing her machine to a friend: "It is the most delightful sensation, my dear; after I mount I shut my eyes and imagine myself flying across country; I feel myself jumping ditches and hedges, and five-barred gates, and I find it very refreshing indeed, my dear."

Men are wont to assert that the well-worn axiom of "penny wise, pound foolish" is particularly applicable to women; and certainly in some cases it is almost laughably true, the economies practiced by certain grandes dames being exceedingly funny. As long as it is a question of attempting to transfer to the ten dol-

lar bill the capabilities of one of twenty, in order that a narrow income may be stretched to its utmost, small economies are imperative and praiseworthy. But when the necessity for saving the proverbial candle-ends ceases to exist, the rich woman's frugilities become ridiculous and amount to parsimonious eccentricities. One charming woman who entertains delightfully, and whose house is a deservedly popular one, is curiously addicted to these petty shifts, and every now and again displays an unexpected and unreasonable miserliness in regard to trifles. One of her pet economies is in cream. When porridge is served or oatmeal, at breakfast, one maid passes around a tiny cream pitcher, while another follows immediately after with a pitcher of milk, and the initiated guest knows that he or she is supposed to supplement a minimum of the former with a maximum quantity of the latter, and to calculate his allowance to a nicety, lest with him might rest the responsibility of its running short before making the round of the table. Cream seems to be a favorite object to save on, for a society woman who has gone into trade, and who has turned her country place into a dairy, says that one of her customers, a very rich woman with a large family of children, only takes cream once a week as an especial treat on Sundays. Another woman who entertains lavishly, and who gives very grand balls, cannot bear to spend over a certain amount on her favors for the cotillion, and as the sum she devotes to this part of her entertainment is exceedingly small, the result is a meager display indeed, each set looking as though they had been picked up at separate bargain counters.

Saving portions at a hotel where dinner is ordered *a la carte* satisfies the instinct of economy in some of these "poor rich" women.

"Edith," one said the other day to a guest mysteriously before dinner, "which do you like the best, oysters, soup, or fish?" She thought on the whole oysters. "You see," went on the other, "we treat you like one of the family, and it's no use in paying for what you do not want; so we always agree beforehand which courses we will each refuse, and then we do not have to order so many portions. To-day you know we have asked several people to meet you, and there will be a number of courses. Everything will be passed to you, of course; but then you'll be sure to refuse the things you don't want, and you might as well say what they are." So it was all duly arranged beforehand; but, unfortunately, their guest, although very accommodating, was also very absent-minded, and suddenly she realized, in the midst of dinner, that, while absorbed in the conversation around her, she had unconsciously taken, although merely tasting, all the prohibited dishes, and was even at that moment sticking her fork into a tabooed *vol-au-vent*; and although in her remorse she steadily refused everything else, it appeared to make matters only worse, and throughout the evening she fancied she read reproach in the eye of her hostess.

The illogical part of these sporadic economies is that the surplus saved by these prudent dames, in various little ways, does not appear to benefit either themselves or others; certainly the amount gained is not worth the reputation they acquire for scrimping and saving.

THE NEW TOMBS SCHOOL.

NEW YORK has a new school which is worthy of the attention of good people who are wishing there might be some means of getting hold of bad boys and young men and giving them something besides mischief to think about. As the school is in the Tombs Prison, there is no trouble in getting hold of the pupils: the police have already attended to that part of the work. The teacher is no mere sentimental, with more feeling than sense; he is a wide-awake young man who had thrashed some young street ruffians and attached others to him by his cheerful, manly, sensible manner. The pupils are willing to be talked to seriously by a man of sound heart and head, for most of them are awaiting trial for minor crimes of which they are guilty and for which they are likely to be sentenced. The teacher has not time to impart much information, for the pupils seldom await trial more than a month, but they are kept from idleness two or three hours a day, given something to think about until school opens next morning, and gain something they never had before, although no boy is so bad that he doesn't long for it—they gain an honest and intelligent friend who will greet them kindly and try to do something for them when they regain their liberty.

THE X-RAYS AND A THIRD EYE.

It is believed by some naturalists that primitive man—very primitive—had an eye in the top of his head. Whether this theory is based on anything but the thought that such an eye would have been very useful to beings who lived in forests and were in constant danger from animal foes who lived in the trees we do not know, but some recent experiments with the X-rays seem to show that a portion of the top of the brain has a faculty very like that of sight. A highly intelligent and educated man, who nevertheless has been blind from early childhood, was the medium of some recent experiments with the X-rays, and he instantly recognized and described the shape of objects held between the rays and the top of his head. As the experiment is one that can, and doubtless will, be repeated upon other blind men, there may yet be discoveries of which physiologists have never dreamed. Still, the report already published will compel men to say of the X-rays, as the farmers said to the juggler, "What next? We can believe almost anything."

THE distinguished surgeon, Dr. Abernethy, famed for his laconic speech as well as his professional skill, met one day his equal in a woman of few words, who came to him with a hand badly swollen and inflamed. "Burn?" asked the doctor. "Bruise." "Poultice." The next day the patient returned and the dialogue was resumed. "Better?" "Worse." "More poultice." Two days later the woman called again, and this was the conversation. "Better?" "Well." "Fee?" "Nothing!" exclaimed the doctor; "the most sensible woman I ever met!"



A RUSSIAN WEDDING



WEDDING FESTIVAL.



BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

XXVI.

THE other day I was looking, for the twentieth time, over that unique masterpiece by Mr. Edgar Saltus, called "Mary Magdalene." Several years ago, in his apartments at a Parisian hotel, Mr. Saltus read me a chapter of the book, which was then uncompleted. He read it only at my earnest request, and with a reluctance and modesty born of self-distrust. I praised what I heard; that was inevitable. But secretly I told myself that he could never keep it all up. Yet now that I reperuse the tale in its entirety, I admit my own error. He not only kept it up, but with a sustainment which I believe that no other living American novelist could possibly have employed. As for those highly "popular" British gentlemen who are so kind as to use our transatlantic syndicates in the effort to teach us how not to write fiction, they are counted outside the game. Mr. Saltus writes as if he had somehow engirt himself with that promised millennial period when the "Rudyards shall cease from Kipling and the Haggards ride no more." He has produced a wonderful classic, with the trial, persecution, crucifixion and resurrection of Christ for its theme, and he has chosen to perform this task without a hint of what the most strictly orthodox would pronounce "irreverence." The book is intensely French, both in conception and style. It is one that Flaubert would have cherished, that Gautier would have treasured. Page after page of it seems hardly to have been written at all. The black type of the printer resolves itself into a kind of rainbow script, and this in turn becomes a medium of luxurious color alone, through which the dreadful drama of Iscariot's treachery and suicide, of Mary's divine devotion and repentance, meets us with magic appeal. We find ourselves forgetting that a pen has evoked for us these vivid scenes and portraits; we are tricked into believing that an artist's brush has painted them. Yet "luxurious" is not the aptest word, for it does not savor of self-restraint, and nowhere has Mr. Saltus ever permitted himself to lose, even for an instant, that splendid repose of which the great Gallic masters have taught him their difficult secret. In places the book wears a metallic glitter, a diamond hardness; in places it has the sensuous and oppressive effect of crushed tuberoses, desecrated lilies, and the spilt wine of bacchanal feasts; in places, again, it is saturated with opiates of reverie and languor; and still again it is redolent, in places, with a pathos almost too deep for tears. Absolute impersonality of treatment marks every paragraph. Mr. Saltus stands as much aloof from his subject as a sculptor from his statue. That, if you please, is the familiar French method—or so the author's detractors (whom I feel confident that his abilities must have created for him) will doubtless assert. But such method is by no means all. Between languages there are profound chasms, unfordable gulfs. To "translate" is one thing; to drench an English work with the French spirit is another, and only genius can thus deal with tongues and not make a confusion of them, as Mr. Swinburne proved when he drenched with the Greek spirit his "Atalanta." This penetrative and mysterious faculty is wholly apart from mere imitation. In Mr. Saltus's case it is the achievement of an utterly new style. He writes nothing that does not bear his own ineluctable stamp. In some of his earlier work this trait was too assertive; he had not learned how to bridle it adroitly; his abhorrence of the adjective, his dependence on the verb, was almost what one might call an extravagance of economy. The folds of his prose hung too stiffly, for a weight of epigram too densely jeweled its silken texture. But by degrees he has mastered a brilliancy which was once in danger of mastering him. Perhaps at times he writes, even in "Mary Magdalene," with too foreign an accent. In much of his later work (and here I chiefly refer to his essays) this fault has changed into an astonishing charm. A charm, I mean, of spontaneous terseness blent with lissome pliancy. It is somehow levity and gravity commingled, and it is often not only as luminous as a firefly but quite as elusive. It stops short of the abrupt and curt, and veils a dread of prolixity once too apparent. It still has sting, but it has acquired a delicate honey as well. In time it bids fair to clothe for us a new "Mary Magdalene" in all its new fragrances and flexibilities. If perfection is sublunar, that should be a perfect work, every sentence of it ringing like the blow of a silver hammer on a silver nail. We await it. Shall we await it in vain? If so, we can at least wrap our souls, for consolation, in the Hebraic purples and damasks of this beautiful scriptural story, whose merits my random praises have so feebly sketched.

Speaking of magicians, one of a sort very different from Mr. Saltus has lately ceased to live. I have always had for Hermann the strongest respect. Not that I personally knew him, and not that I have not often shivered in my stall at the risk of his asking me to lend him my handkerchief, hat or watch. Either of the three I would have confided to him with a sense of thorough security, and have witnessed their complete apparent destruction with firm faith that I should again meet them intact this side of eternity. I can imagine myself even handing him my character across the footlights, if he had requested the loan of it, and watching him tear it to pieces without a qualm, certain of its future restoration, looking perhaps a little cleaner and neater than when last parted from. The terrible conspicuousness of the demand would alone, in these quoted cases, have disarrayed: for one goes to the theater to be amused and not to amuse.

But, whimsicality aside, I respected Hermann not only for his marvelous and superb mystifications. Such a man, I have repeatedly thought, had it in his power to ensnare the credulity of thousands, and to find among these thousands many a rich dupe. As a spiritual medium he would, of course, have accomplished baffling, dazzling, blood-curdling things. But he chose to be an

honest wondersmith, and frankly to admit legerdemain as the secret of all his necromantic feats.

The vast army of charlatans were irritated by his handsome candor. "He is really one of us," they caused impudently to be circulated, "but he will not admit his own mediumistic powers." To this hollow flippancy of insult Hermann, unless I am wrong, never deigned a reply. It is strange that so many professional "mediums" manage to keep out of jail. Their chicanery is often heartily despised, but far too seldom punished. Thirty years ago in New York their "bilking" games finely prospered. I recall, as a lad, the fret and chatter they engendered. In England, at the same time, their malign "vogue" was enormous. The more skillful and audacious of them, like Home and others, hoodwinked men and women of the ablest minds. It is not astonishing that Browning fell a victim to them, for in the turpitude and hysteria of this writer's worst verse (not his relatively meager best) there is ample evidence of such physical weakness. But the elder Lord Lytton, and perhaps twenty authors or thinkers equally eminent, were ensnared and benighted. Of late years the nonsense called Theosophy has replaced the nonsense called Spiritualism. Commercially speaking, there has ceased to be "money" in the first fraud, and there has apparently been a good deal of it in the second. I chance to know a case where many dollars were expended on the former hoax. My late father (though this statement may strike certain readers as oddly defiant of accepted hereditary laws) was a man of remarkable intellect, wide reading, and marked synthetic capacity. He was among the foremost thinkers in this country who welcomed Herbert Spencer's vast philosophic views, and the noble exploits of Darwin, Tyndall and Huxley were his admiration and delight. Yet he, too, enrolled himself on the list of "spiritualistic" believers, though fortunately living long enough to regret and repent his unhappy step. In London the shameless "medium" has now ceased to flourish. On the European continent one hears of him scarcely at all. But, strange to say, he (or shall we say "she"?) has retained a curiously firm stronghold in Boston. I know to-day of a talented lady in that city who has completely surrendered herself to the influence of these mendacious and beguiling creatures, and who spends foolish hours every week in fancied "communion" with a loved and departed friend. She, too, will have her awakening, and I pity her when it comes! Meanwhile in country towns of our own land, as I have recently learned, the spiritualistic "business" flourishes fairly well. Sly scouts are sent forth to discover the details of certain bereavements among leading families. They appear, gather important facts, and then quietly vanish. The "medium" soon afterward follows them, hiring the town hall. Supplied with data, he tells Mrs. Smith that her darling lost "Betty," who died, let us say, on the 26th of March, 1891, wishes to hold converse with her. Mrs. Smith, utterly foaled, and sobbing with emotion, consents to a séance in a darkened room (price anywhere from five dollars to twenty) and beholds a "materialization" which thrills her poor maternal soul, and which is either a cleverly managed wax figure of a baby or a flesh-and-blood child in a nightgown. . . . So all honor, then, to Hermann, who might have swindled at these base tricks with a magnificence of duplicity, but who avoided them and despised them, like the conscientious Cagliostro that he was!

One day Hope met Despair, and the latter said, with a love-look in his dismal eyes: "I do not see why you always keep refusing to marry me?"

Hope sobered her smiles and dimples, answering. "Of all people in the world," she said, "you are the last who should say that!"

Nevertheless, she ultimately married him, and bore him a very thrifty and long-lived child, named Religion.

If we can only say of a writer that he is witty we damn him by saying it. For wit, while one of the most captivating literary qualities, is also the least intellectual and the least dignified. Between saying a good thing and doing one roll vast oceans of difference.

"I ask so little of fate," said a miserable man, "and yet it denies me everything!"

"What do you ask of it?" said a listener.

"Decent health, and peaceful freedom from this constant threat of starvation."

The other smiled. "Do you know," he said, "that you are only one of millions on earth who are forever making the same demand? And all these, as well as you, think it 'so little'!"

Let us suppose that an infidel had died, and that the Deity whom he had not believed in, the Devil whom he had not believed in, and the immortality which he had not believed in, were all true.

He stood in the presence of Deity, and It said to him: "You have denied me."

"Yes," replied the infidel, "and I cannot see that the fault is mine. On earth I strove to be a good man. But I did not know that you existed, and I did not credit the testimony that you existed. Being omnipotent, you could have shattered my doubt if you had chosen. You failed to do so. Therefore I remained an infidel."

"Come with me," said the Devil; and he stole nearer, to grasp his victim.

"No," said Deity, musingly, "you cannot take him. He is right; it is not his fault; I forgot to convince him. He is, alas! one of the many whom I forget to convince. That is the way with my omnipotence. It has worlds to create, worlds to destroy. It has my innumerable merites to perform, of course, but it must also attend to my many earthquakes, tornadoes and pestilences, and to my cases of cancer, leprosy, madness—the list is long. Besides, this man has never blasphemed me; he has simply doubted my existence. No; there is a Christian shivering over yonder, who has sinned against me in secret yet openly praised me. Take him."

And so it came to pass that the infidel escaped with only a few million years of purgatory.

LORD SALISBURY receives a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He receives nothing in the capacity of Prime Minister.

MR. TUBBS.

(Another "Flossie" Story.)

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

DURING her engagement to Jack Trescott, the envied young millionaire, Flossie Lambert once had occasion severely to scold him.

"I don't see, Jack," she said, "why you bored me, this afternoon, by bringing that Mr. Tubbs here. He is simply not a gentleman."

"He's one of nature's gentlemen," said Jack. "I got to like him ever so much, as I told you, down at Martha's Vineyard, two summers ago. He's the best all-round sportsman I ever met, Flossie. We were both nearly drowned together, one morning, in a cat-boat hardly bigger than our hats. A sudden squall came up. I never saw anything so splendid as the way he put her through it. And such a shot! I grew just to love him, and he does on me. A pity his name is Tubbs. He feels it, too—"

"I should think he might!"

"But he's too proud to change it. He's got to be very well off since I knew him. Some interest in a factory down East. He's a real type, Flossie, of the self-made American."

Flossie veiled a yawn. "You know I'm not 'airy,' Jack, any more than you are. But if Mr. Tubbs is self-made I can't help thinking that he might get somebody else to make him over again with greater success in the minor details."

"Oh," said Jack, with a shrug, "he probably won't trouble you again. He's going back soon to Ponkawpossett—I believe that's the name of his native town. He is only here for a few days on business."

"And once, Jack, he called 'here' 'York!' And he talks through his nose so dreadfully that I pitied it; for it's too nice a nose to be talked through in that scandalous way, and altogether he's not at all bad-looking. But his 'ain'ts' and his 'guesses' and his 'reckons'—oh, no wonder Paul Otway could hardly keep a straight face!"

"He's worth fifty Paul Ottways," muttered Jack.

"Don't be absurd," Flossie took him up. "Paul promises to be one of the best portrait-painters of his time."

"You treat him as if you thought so," said Jack, trying to look jealous, but not feeling the faintest pang of any such emotion.

"We're getting to be rather old friends, now," said Flossie. "I like him for his talents, and for certain other fine traits as well. But Paul is socially too ambitious. I mean, in an impatient way; he hasn't the wisdom to wait. For example, he's burning with desire to go to the Van Alstyne's ball next week."

"M-m—ah. And I suppose he's asked you to get him a card."

"Yes," nodded Flossie, "and I intend to get it. I wish he hadn't asked me," she went on, musingly, "for of all women in town Lina Van Alstyne—though she did marry Steve, your second cousin, Jack—is the last



PAUL PROMISES TO BE ONE OF THE BEST PORTRAIT-PAINTERS OF HIS TIME."

from whom I should like to seek such a favor. Still, the card is going to be procured." And Flossie hardened her forget-me-not eyes, and slightly lifted her chin.

Jack burst into a laugh. "Well, I wish you luck."

"Luck! Do you suppose Lina would dare—?"

"Oh, Lord, I can suppose anything of such a cast-iron mob. Why, Steve gets almost crazy with her. Think of a woman who refuses to go to a Patriarchs' ball or an Assembly because they are 'public' entertainments!"

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

And they say she was a nursery-governess in Boston when Steve fell in with her and married her. Sniven—wasn't that her name? It's worse than Tubbs, Flossie . . . there's less character about it."

As soon as Flossie's mother heard of Mr. Paul Otway's request she looked worried. "That young man is entirely too pushing," she said, "and you know how intensely particular Mrs. Van Alstyne is. If I were you—"

"I know what you're going to say, mamma," Flossie broke in. "If Lima should have the impudence to refuse I'd tell her she needn't come to our dinner, next Wednesday, though she's already accepted."

"Oh, you can't mean anything so dreadful!" sighed Mrs. Lambert. She never felt quite sure what Flossie might do.

But Flossie, without any such witheringly hostile intent, betook herself, the next day, to Mrs. Van Alstyne's magnificent mansion in upper Fifth Avenue. She was received with the blandest smiles by its proprietress, for the sharer of Stephen Van Alstyne's large fortune thoroughly approved of her friend's brilliant engagement to Jack. But when Flossie told the object of her visit, every gleam of sweetness died from the thin, high-nosed face.

"Really, Flossie, I do so dislike these social strutters. And when, as in Mr. Otway's case, they're portrait-painters, one does have such a sensation of entertaining one's . . . er . . . servants, don't you know?"

"I hadn't thought about it in that way," said Flossie, meekly, watching a superb statuette (perhaps by Cellini himself) in blended sardonyx and chalcedony. And then the great Mrs. Van Alstyne gave a little start, and eyed her sharply; for meekness in Flossie Lambert somehow always put her on her guard.

The truth was, this speech and a few others that followed it, soon completely disgusted Flossie. For the first time since their acquaintance began, she found herself shrinking from a narrowness and an iciness which she did not know that this woman's nature possessed. "What a cruel egotist!" she thought, while leaving the house. "It seems so strange that her early poverty and obscurity should not have humanized her more."

Flossie had refused the card for Paul Otway, though it was proffered her and even pressed upon her. She would not take it, and when Mrs. Van Alstyne at length said, "I shall send it, any way—I know him well enough, after all," Flossie had replied with one of her most subtly captivating smiles—"Oh, do! I shall be ever so glad if you will."

And so, after all, she left the Van Alstyne mansion with a sense of triumph; she had gained her point, and without loss of dignity. Still, she had not counted on the inflexible and artful snobbery of "Lima." The ball took place, and Paul Otway received no invitation. Flossie, justly indignant, did not go to the ball, and Jack likewise stayed away. The next morning came a letter from Mrs. Van Alstyne, profusely apologetic. It pleaded forgiveness for having "overlooked, amid many, many distracting affairs," the sending of Mr. Otway's card. And it added, to Mrs. Lambert's keen annoyance, that Mr. Van Alstyne (Jack's cousin, "Steve") could not attend the dinner which Flossie's mother would shortly give. He had been seized with one of his wretched gouty attacks, and the physicians' vetoes were imperative.

"So her Majesty will come alone," mourned Mrs. Lambert, "and we've a vacant place to fill!"

"Don't be nervous, mamma," said Flossie. "I'll see that it is filled."

"It's not as if we had a fine establishment of our own," said Mrs. Lambert. "Living here in these rather plain apartments, I feel as if the least jolt might somehow turn things topsy-turvy. We've not given a real handsome dinner, you know, since long before your engagement."

Flossie supplemented in her thoughts: "No; nor ever before it, poor impudent 'mammy,' that I can remember!" But aloud she said: "Oh, it will be all right. Don't worry."

"Whom shall you ask in Stephen Van Alstyne's place?" queried Mrs. Lambert.

"There are lots—lots," answered Flossie. And just then she was handed by a servant the card of Mr. Tubbs.

"Jack's nautical down-east friend," she said aloud. "I thought he'd gone, by this time, back to his factory in Pongka—something or other. Well, I suppose that for Jack's sake I must martyrize myself and see him."

Flossie was never really uncivil to anybody whom she did not despise. But at first it was laboriously uphill work for her to hear how Mr. Tubbs had been "seeing" New York, from Staten Island to Fordham, and from Hoboken to Blackwell's Island.

"I presume, Miss Lamburtt," he politely twanged, "that you was up to the top of Trinity Church steeple a number of times?"

"No," said Flossie; and from the depths of her ennuï she was going to declare that she didn't know Trinity Church had a steeple, when Mr. Tubbs delivered himself of a remark that rather interested her. She asked him a question, and his response interested her still more. When he rose to go she shook hands cordially with him.

"I'm glad you can stay over till Saturday. Remember, Saturday evening at eight."

"Oh, yes, I won't forget," said Mr. Tubbs. "Seems a funny hour to eat dinner, though. I usually get mine at bout one o'clock in the day."

"So do we," smiled Flossie. "Only we call it lunch."

Mrs. Lambert was so busied with numerous matters concerning the unwanted coming festivity, that not until the afternoon of Saturday did she suddenly say to her daughter:

"Oh, Flossie, whom have you asked to fill Mr. Van Alstyne's place?"

"Mr. Tubbs," said Flossie.

Mrs. Lambert's eyebrows looked as if they were trying to reach the parting of her hair.

"Why, Flossie," she wailed, "I thought you said he was perfectly awful!"

"Hush, mamma," came the answer, with a little gripped note in it. "He's Jack's friend, and he once saved Jack from drowning. Don't you remember? I told you all about it. And Jack feels so touched by the compliment! I'm really very glad I concluded to pay it."

"Oh," said Mrs. Lambert, blankly, but without further protest.

Jack had meanwhile been "touched" to the degree of utter bewilderment. He had finally shrouded himself in resigned mystification. Flossie was evidently "up" to something, he had decided, but what the deuce that something was a fellow needn't waste his time puzzling over unless she chose to tell.

Nearly all the dinner-guests came in pell-mell, more or less, as dinner-guests usually do. Mr. Tubbs was a trifle earlier than the others, and Flossie introduced him right and left. He was good-looking and blonde and strong, but his shirt-front was full of big, old-fashioned sagging plaits, and his evening coat was too long in the arms and too short in the tails and too high in the collar, and he wore a black shoelace tie and a pair of dark-brown street-gloves. Mrs. Lambert gave Flossie a pained look which she entirely ignored. They were all waiting for Mrs. Van Alstyne, who at length arrived, queenly and calm in light-blue velvet, with a collarette of huge pearls. Soon they went in to dinner. Mr. Tubbs having been directed to offer the sprightly and amiable Mrs. Edmund Van Tassel his arm. Florimel Filigree, the renowned cotton-top-leader, was there, and Miss Eloise Pratt, whose Chicago papa had made millions from swine, and whose beauty was for this reason all the more suggestively Circean. Then there were others, all of the very rich exclusives, as it had been Mrs. Lambert's whim, though not Flossie's, to have them.

Mr. Tubbs sat next to Mrs. Van Alstyne, but she never once noticed him. She talked to the gentleman on her other side, and Mr. Tubbs talked to Mrs. Van Tassel, who rapidly made up her mind that he was altogether impossible, but who gave him, now and then, a tolerating glimpse of her dimples.

Four or five courses had been served when Flossie, who sat directly opposite to Mrs. Van Alstyne, caught her eye and said in sweetly genial tones, leaning quite far forward across the table:

"Oh, I forgot, Lima, to introduce Mr. Tubbs. He tells me that you and he are first cousins."

To everybody who overheard these words there seemed something blasphemously sublime in Flossie's audacity. But her forget-me-not eyes beamed like twin mirrors of truth, and her innocent demeanor might have shamed a dove.

"Oh," said Mr. Tubbs; and he turned and stared at the great lady with a simplicity naked and unashamed.



"WHY, JACK," SHE FUMED. "HOW CAN YOU?"

His twang was never more strident than now; excitement gave to it the raucousness of a katydid.

"How d'ye do? Why, yes, if you're Lima Sniven that was, we're first cousins, sure! You see, your mother was Jane Tubbs, my father's sister. She was born in Ponkapposett, as I guess you know, and afterward she married Abijah Sniven, don't you see, and went to live with him in Boston. You was born there, wasn't you?"

"Yes, I believe I was."

From lips as pale as her pearls came Mrs. Van Alstyne's light, shrill reply. It was given with a sort of arctic staccato. For few seconds she swept across the faces of her fellow-guests that sort of look which says "I die, if you please, but with defiance."

And indeed from that night it was a kind of social death with her. She went everywhere, and in a sense held her own. Formerly she had by no means descended to go *everywhere*, and had not any "own" to hold. It was held, so to speak, by others, overcanopying her, like the baldachin of an Orient princess. But henceforth her prestige, her ultra-fastidiousness, could not awe; they had been blighted by the malison of ridicule. "Why, yes, if you're Lima Sniven that was, we're first cousins, sure," had itself repeated in the corners of clubs, had giggled and tittered over upstairs, downstairs and in my lady's chamber. The newspapers got hold of it; one of them published a picture of the dinner, with mighty Mrs. Van Alstyne glaring at a burly rustic, her eyeballs dilated and her posture one of partial collapse.

Metaphorically she never dared to cut Flossie, though practically she might have liked to see her cut into inch bits. And Flossie, when people mentioned the matter, would merely look guileless and infantile, and say plaintively: "Why on earth should anybody blame *me*? They are first cousins, you know, and I couldn't let them sit side by side, like that, without mentioning it." But once, in private, when Jack told her she had been cruel, she gave him quite a dramatic scowl.

"Why, Jack," she fumed, "how can you? It was all fate, from beginning to end. Fate said 'Let there be a Tubbs,' and there was a Tubbs. And you'll not presume to state, sir," furthermore bristled Flossie, "that she didn't deserve precisely what she got!"

Before the power of this predestinarian argument Jack humbly lowered his gaze.

EMPEROR WILLIAM engages the services of twelve valets, and housemaids to the number of five hundred find employment in his palace.



INVOLUNTARY CORRUPTION.

THE remark is being made on all sides that the exposures consequent upon a late notorious trial are "doing more harm" than the acts which led to the trial. The rejoinder would probably be, that if we are to refrain from punishing evil, for fear of betraying that evil's existence, how are we to check vicious practices?—with a rider to the effect that it is the fault not of the protectors of morals, but of the newspapers, that the matter receives such wide publication.

This seems a reasonable answer, provided we admit that any one can be harmed by the contagion of sin—that is, can be thereby impelled to do or to desire an evil which otherwise they had been innocent of. Our moral guardians admit, and doubtless regret the fact that these newspaper publications cater to morbid tastes, and may predispose the possessors of these tastes to experiment in the very directions which the guardians aforesaid are penalizing. But, they say, we have to choose between this minor evil and the greater one of giving vicious propensity free rein. Publication may engender temptation, but punishment renders the tempted less liable to yield than they would otherwise be. Unless we make a stand (they urge) what is to become of society? Are we to make it legal that everybody shall do what they please? Why, it would be hell upon earth at once! And even if the publicity of the trial does as much harm as the crime tried, yet the effort to check crime is good, whereas no good whatever could come of letting things take their course. On the one side there is an advantage to offset the disadvantage; on the other there is none. We must be respectable; we must vindicate the rights of the virtuous members of the community; and the virtuous have the right, and are in duty bound, to protest against all manner of looseness. No one can deny that vice and crime injure the community, and that virtue strengthens it. Law is virtue's natural weapon, forged by herself. It embodies virtuous principles; and if we are not to do all we can to make those principles effective, what are we to do?

Such are the arguments which have always been invoked to justify the paternal theory of government; though perhaps that theory never before in the world's history has been carried to such extremes as it is now. The other day, in considering the question, reference was made to the fact that, since man's Creator was so careful not to meddle with his free will, we ought to take a hint from Him, and not interfere with it either. The suggestion lacks practical weight, because the sinners and the virtuous alike are of the opinion that the Creator has no voice in the case. On both sides, the battle is being fought exclusively on moral grounds. There is no dispute as to what morality is, or what it is worth; but the sinners wish to be allowed to be immoral when they choose, and the virtuous are resolved that they shall not be. So far as I can see, the virtuous, upon this basis, have altogether the best of the logic.

My contention is, however, that as between the sinners and the saints there is no essential difference whatever. External difference there is of course plenty of. Certain persons, for some reason or another, do not commit crimes or practice vices. Others do. Upon this fact we found an essential distinction. But is it valid? I do not see how it can be. It is a commonplace to repeat what the bishop said when he saw the murderer going to the gallows—"But for the grace of God, there go I." In secular language that means that circumstances not only alter cases but create these very moral distinctions we make so much of. But if this be so, does it not follow that save for accident, with which we have nothing to do, or which we cannot control, we are all tarred with the same brush? Do we not concede that it is not anything in ourselves, but especially something outside of ourselves, that determines our moral life? Why is not the pure maiden or the chaste matron just the same as the street-walker in the slums? Why is not the immaculate judge on the bench, in the dock with the pick-pocket? Is it not because the parties of the first part happened to be better born, better educated, in a word better circumstanced than the others? And if so, is there not latent in them the germs of that which makes the pick-pocket and the street-walker abhorred? The disease is suppressed in the one and clings in the other, that is all.

But, you say, whatever the explanation of the difference, at any rate there is one, and what are you going to do about it? Is it not to be regarded, and action based upon it? Are we to let the burglar break and enter with impunity, because the judge would have done the same thing with the same bringing up?—or shall we invite the street-walker to Five-o'clock-Tea because she is "essentially" no worse than our wife and daughter? Because "in Adam's fall we sinned all" are we forever to welter in a promiscuous heap? Shall no recognition be accorded to those who are measurably successful in efforts to resist the Evil One? The success may be due to adventitious causes, but it is a success nevertheless, and ought to receive countenance and support.

To be sure it should! We are bound to treat it just as if it were real, and not the purely apparitional thing that it is. Society, in its abstract or ideal conception, is the perfect brotherhood of man; but what is it in its actual present or past condition? It is a simulacrum—a make-believe—of the real thing. We are instead of being charitable, expedient instead of generous, prudent instead of loving. Our concrete actions are the same as if their motives were genuine, and their practical results are consequently similar. The Visitor from Altruria at first imagines that we are only a little lower than the angels. He is perhaps prone to think, afterward, that we are even worse than we are. The truth is, that there exists in human nature a conflict between

AN IRISH BOHEMIAN.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

its native bias toward selfishness, and its Divine (not native, or personal) reaction toward good. This conflict is not eternal, but transient and conditional; it is a spiritual phenomenon, and, like all spiritual things, it has its material manifestation. This manifestation consists in the apparent existence side by side of good and evil persons. The distinction between the two is apparent only—strictly phenomenal, never spiritual. It is true that the subjects of the alleged distinction, good and bad, are persuaded that it is real. The "good" claim merit; the "bad" accept punishment. Nevertheless, little though they suspect it, they are but representatives in a drama absolutely universal and inevitable. They stand, not (as they fancy) for themselves, but for principles. There is no good on one side and bad on the other, but God on one side and man on the other. As members of the universal Man we are all alike evil: the end of mortal experience is to teach us to voluntarily turn from that evil and become what by birth we are not, sons of God, or good. God helps us, it is true, but never so that we can trace His influence; never are we helped individually, but only as a race, impersonally. Now, while we are in process of becoming good, some of us must needs be virtuous. The difference between goodness and virtue is abysmal; for while virtue is deliberate and self-conscious, goodness is organic and involuntary. A really good man feels no effort, finds no self-denial, in doing or being what is possible to the most virtuous only by dint of studious self-denial and watchfulness; for the good man has once for all lost self; the only self he is concerned for is the race; his personal consciousness is transformed into race-consciousness, and there is an end of the matter. The only good he cares for or knows is the good of his kind, which we know even now to be incompatible with individual selfishness. How and when we may expect to possess this goodness is not here at issue; I only wish to draw the line between virtue, which must be always selfish, and goodness, which is incapable of being so; virtue contemplates a personal result or reward, goodness regards nothing except the gratification of what will then be "natural" impulse. That it has become natural, instead of being any longer directly contrary to his inmost nature, no thanks God; but, knowing that it is of God, he takes no credit to himself, any more than for the heat of the sun which warms him.

To resume, then, the thread of the argument: the reason of the apparent division of the community into good and bad is because the conflict between God and man must be thus represented; and we imagine the distinction to be valid, because such a persuasion is necessary to the putting forth of any social energy. If the virtuous did not think that anything was gained by virtue, they would cease to practice it. As a matter of fact, nothing is gained by it for them, although (except when it is hypocritical) something is gained by it for the race at large. No man, in other words, by however an inordinate and monstrous practice of virtue, can in the least attract God's favorable attention to himself; but his efforts may nevertheless aid in lessening the obstacles which at present deter the spirit of God, which is that of universal brotherhood, from flowing into us. The effect of the Decalogue is negative, not positive; it serves to weaken selfishness, but not, except indirectly, to introduce goodness. It behoves us to obey the Decalogue, because so doing enables God to act in and for us.

But let it be observed, as the gist of what we are now arguing, that to permit virtue to beget in those who practice it the I-am-holier-than-thou sentiment is to defeat its only efficacy. Once more, we are all in one box; and the best means to persuade ourselves of that truth—to keep it unswervingly before us—is to let the signs of our inherent evil appear. My virtue will refuse to be transformed into goodness until Tom, Dick, and Harry, who do not practice virtue, are good also. Now, the presence of goodness in the wayward persons named cannot be promoted by my frightening or whipping them into suppression of their natural instincts, which, like my own, are evil. My sole duty in the premises is to attend to my own business, which is to live for others; not to put them in bonds, but, since they will not deny themselves, to deny myself in their stead. If they persist in being vicious, it shows, not that there is any difference before God between me and them, but only that the nature which they and I share in common is not yet cleansed of the defilement inherent in it. It is not for me to blame them for this; I am just as much to blame for it as they are. Still less, of course, ought I to check in them the expression of what is in them; it is bound to come out somehow, if not in one way then in another, if not in them then in me. To preach respectability—a fair, outside superintended upon what is not inwardly fair—is the ecstasy of folly. If my nature is sick, my only chance of cure is first to recognize that fact—which respectability prevents my doing. It is plainly a matter of indifference whether that particular infinitesimal version of my nature which I call myself seems to be externally in good order. My "self" is precisely the thing that I want to be rid of. But how shall I ever get rid of it, if I persist in holding it up as a pretty screen to conceal from my observation the horrors that are transacting on the other side of it?

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CONSUMPTION THAT DOES NOT CONSUME.

MANY physicians insist that consumptives seldom are killed by the disease alone; usually they are frightened to death. Two notable and historic cases that foamed exceptions to the rule were President Andrew Jackson and the Duke of Wellington, each of whom was a consumptive youth yet afterward became a great soldier, the most prominent statesman of his time and country, and lived to a ripe old age. A still more wonderful case is that of a New York lawyer, millionaire and man of affairs, who sixty years ago was given up to die of consumption, but who as we write is ninety-six years of age and apparently recovering from a combined attack of pneumonia and heart failure. From the character of the men alluded to, the prolonging of life may be attributed to "mind cure" of the kind that has no nonsense in it; on the other hand, resistance, as a faculty, is but another name for obstinacy, of which any human being can find plenty in himself if he chooses to look for it.

I THINK it was in the summer of 1878 that we visited Etretat. This is a town on the coast of Normandy, and from an artistic point of view it was one of the sensational spots of Europe. The cliffs are tall, vertical and white, like those on the English coast opposite, but they indulge in extravagances possible only in France. Headlands of castellated forms, with natural archways under them, jut out from the cliff-line at right angles, with one foot deep in the blue sea, and their tops towering aloft into the blue sky like the pinnacles of some greater Cologne cathedral. The beach, of flint pebbles, dips steeply into the water, and a tremendous surf breaks upon it when the weather is in the least agitated. There was a young fellow there, who thought no surf could trouble him, so he went in swimming one day when he was advised against it by the bathing-men; and a wave took him, doubled him up, and snapped his spine. Swinburne, the poet, was really a great swimmer, and he swam out once beyond the line of the headlands, and was caught in the strong current that is always sweeping down the coast, and was carried along for a couple of miles, and only by an accident was he picked up by a chance fishing smack just as he was at the limit of his endurance. The place had already been for many years the resort of artists, and you may recognize the Etretat headlands in countless pictures by French and English painters, and not a few American ones. The fishermen have huts on the shore made by turning an old slop upside down, and putting a chimney in it, and cutting a door through the side, and a window in the stern; and these huts get ancient, and moss and grass grow on their roofs, which are really their bottoms, and old nets are draped upon them, and fish-baskets stand about, and sea-beaten mariners sit in the doorways, and seem to make pictures of themselves of malice prepense. In the little village back of the beach are the queerest little old Norman cottages, with tiny rooms containing huge stand-up clocks and antique furniture that you may imagine you can buy at a bargain; and so you might fifty years ago; but the natives are not to be hoodwinked now. In addition to the aboriginal habitations there has grown up during the last few decades a lot of fine, fashionable villas, with verandas and stained roofs and expensive furniture, in which rich summer residents live; and there is a casino, where you dance and gamble, and a pavilion with glass sides and roof, in which you may sit on rainy days, protected from the storm, and yet out on the beach, with everything visible. On the left, as you face the town, a path zigzags up the precipitous hillside, till it reaches a strange little church on the top, from which is a magnificent view all up and down the coast. Such sunrises and sunsets, and moonrises and moonsets as you may contemplate from that vantage-ground! The whole place is enchanting, and we kept staying on and on till everybody else was gone; and then the natives gave us so plainly to understand that they were tired of us that at last, in November, we were fain to take our departure too.

You get there by driving over from Havre in the diligence, about twenty miles. Or, if you can afford it, you may hire a private carriage, and come in that. There is the Channel beside you on your left all the way. By the way, we came, as I said, by diligence and with us were the young ladies of Hepworth Dixon's family, and Mrs. Dixon; altogether we filled the vehicle quite as full as was convenient. Where was Mr. Dixon? Oh, he was coming on the next day, they said. So, the next afternoon, who should drive in but Hepworth; but was he in the diligence? Oh, no. The diligence would do well enough for his women folks; but he himself was not a diligence person. He came, sitting all alone on the back seat of a private carriage drawn by four dashing horses. He had on a light overcoat and a white vest, and a brilliant neckscarf; and that is the sort of man he was. I will tell another anecdote about him, which he told us himself, with perfect seriousness. He was once, he said, riding over the steppes of Russia, and had got to their remotest interior, where no one except the wild Tartars ever penetrated; and for two or three days he had seen no signs even of them. But toward sunset of the third day he descried on the horizon an object which he knew must be a Tartar cabin; and in a couple of hours he came up to it. A tall, savage-looking Tartar came out of it, at first with a fierce air, as if he were contemplating a dinner of roast tourist; but no sooner had he fixed his eyes on the traveler's features, than his whole demeanor changed; he doffed his fur cap, and bowed with every sign of pleasure and humility. "Good-evening, Mr. Dixon!" he exclaimed. Now (remarked Mr. Dixon to us, telling us the story), of course I am accustomed to being recognized in any civilized place where I may happen to be; but I will confess that I was a trifle surprised at being so immediately identified by this child of the steppe; and I intimated as much to him. He smiled, and drew me into his habitation. It contained but a single room, furnished with the utmost crudeness; and on the wall hung but two pictures. One, of course, was of the reigning Czar; the other was of myself. Then I understood. That is the story. But it evidently has nothing to do with the Irish Bohemian.

But how am I to describe to you W. G. Wills? Wills was a bachelor, and an Irishman; I know not which stood out in him most unmistakably. All men delighted in him, except just such men as Hepworth Dixon; and he captivated all women. He may have taken bath at some epoch in his career; but he bore no signs of it upon him. He wore the shabbiest old clothes that looked as if they had decorated a slop-shop for ages before he got into them. The linings were torn, the pockets ripped, the seams started, and there was an encrustation of stains, relics of unremembered eatings and drinkings all down the front. There was also an inconsistency in the seat of his breeches, but this was visible only when he was in his shirt-sleeves; but he was fond of being in his shirt-sleeves. In the cool mornings and evenings he walked abroad enveloped in a long, dingy ulster, that must have been worn threadbare by the Wandering Jew previous to Wills's ownership of it. He had on a soft felt hat, which had once been black; it was yellow-brown now, and there was a hole in the crown of it. Wills's hair did not stick through the

hole, however, because his head was as smooth as a billiard ball, save for a narrow fringe of brown hair round back of his ears. He had a thick, curly brown beard, and big, lazy, self-indulgent and genial brown eyes; and he had a swinging, swaying, easy-going, independent way with his head and shoulders. He lived with an old brier pipe in his mouth, reeking with cheap tobacco. His shirt was his nightgown, or vice versa; at any rate he was never known to take it off. I must tell you, at this juncture, that Wills, in his studio, was fond of sitting with a silk skull-cap on his bald head, to keep off draughts; but when interested in conversation he would snatch it off and lay it down on the floor, or any place that came handy. Now, on his return to London after this Etretat summer, something induced him to buy a wig; it was a very realistic affair, short brown hair, so that at first you couldn't imagine what was the matter with him, and then you fancied that somehow or other a miraculous growth of hair had occurred on him. One evening, at a reception at Lady Hardy's, he was deep in talk with that superb personage, and he had his new wig on, and Lady Hardy never for an instant mis-doubted that it was his own hair. All of a sudden, in the mid-heat and fury of the argument, he caught off his scalp and clapped it down on the table before Lady Hardy's eyes. She recoiled with a hoarse scream; but Wills, who thought it was his old silk skull-cap, could not imagine for some time what ailed her ladyship.

As for his independence, it almost passed British belief. Yet it was not self-conscious, but only his way. At one time he gave lessons in painting to the Princess Louise, the Queen of England's second daughter. She used to come to his studio, and he treated her just like any other pupil. And once, when the Queen sent him her commands to come out to Windsor Castle, he replied with a telegram saying that he had another engagement. That telegram sent a shudder of horror through London society, and it is fortunate that the telegraph clerk who sent it had no predisposition to heart-disease.

Wills was not only a painter, and a good one, but a popular playwright; he wrote "The Man o' Airlie," which was a success both here and in England, and "Olivia," an adaptation of "The Vicar of Wakefield," in which Ellen Terry and Irving added to their reputation. He had a pleasant, lusty singing voice, and was fond of singing "The Man o' Airlie" song at the little semi-Bohemian soirees where he was oftenest seen. How he would thump the piano, toss his head, and bring out his chest-notes! Wills was enchanted with himself, and yet was wholly free from egotism; he was the most good-natured and affable of men, and yet, as the high arching of his eyebrows indicated, he had a quick temper. But his smile was sunshine, his laugh the soul of jollity: he did not like his friends—he loved them, and he would give you the last copper in his pockets if he suspected you needed it. His conversation glowed with the true Hibernian humor—he was born in Kilkenny—and all he said was good to hear, though often it was not so much the thing said as the way of saying it that was so engaging. He was a lucky and prosperous man, and must have made plenty of money, though he gave it away as fast as it came in; he wrote a dozen or fifteen plays besides the two I have mentioned, and was never at a loss to sell a picture. In spite of all, he had his moods of sadness; they always reminded me of the griefs of a child, which the child thinks are the great griefs of humanity, but which are really nothing but sentimental disappointments or the tragedies of the imagination. No doubt, trusting everybody as Wills did, he must often have met with falsehood and treachery; they grieved, but never soured him, or made him prudent. He had his own point of view regarding everything; his system of the universe, his theory of art, his conception of woman (he believed that no one understood women as he did), and all the rest of it; and he was completely original in them all, though you might know him a long time and never suspect it, for he was by no means given to advancing or advocating his ideas; he would sooner discuss your own with you. No one could have asserted himself less; no one was more naive, simple, and unaffected; no one more heartily believed in the good will of others, or was more successful in creating the good will in which he believed. A gentle, loyal, and delightful spirit was lost to the world when he died, five years ago.

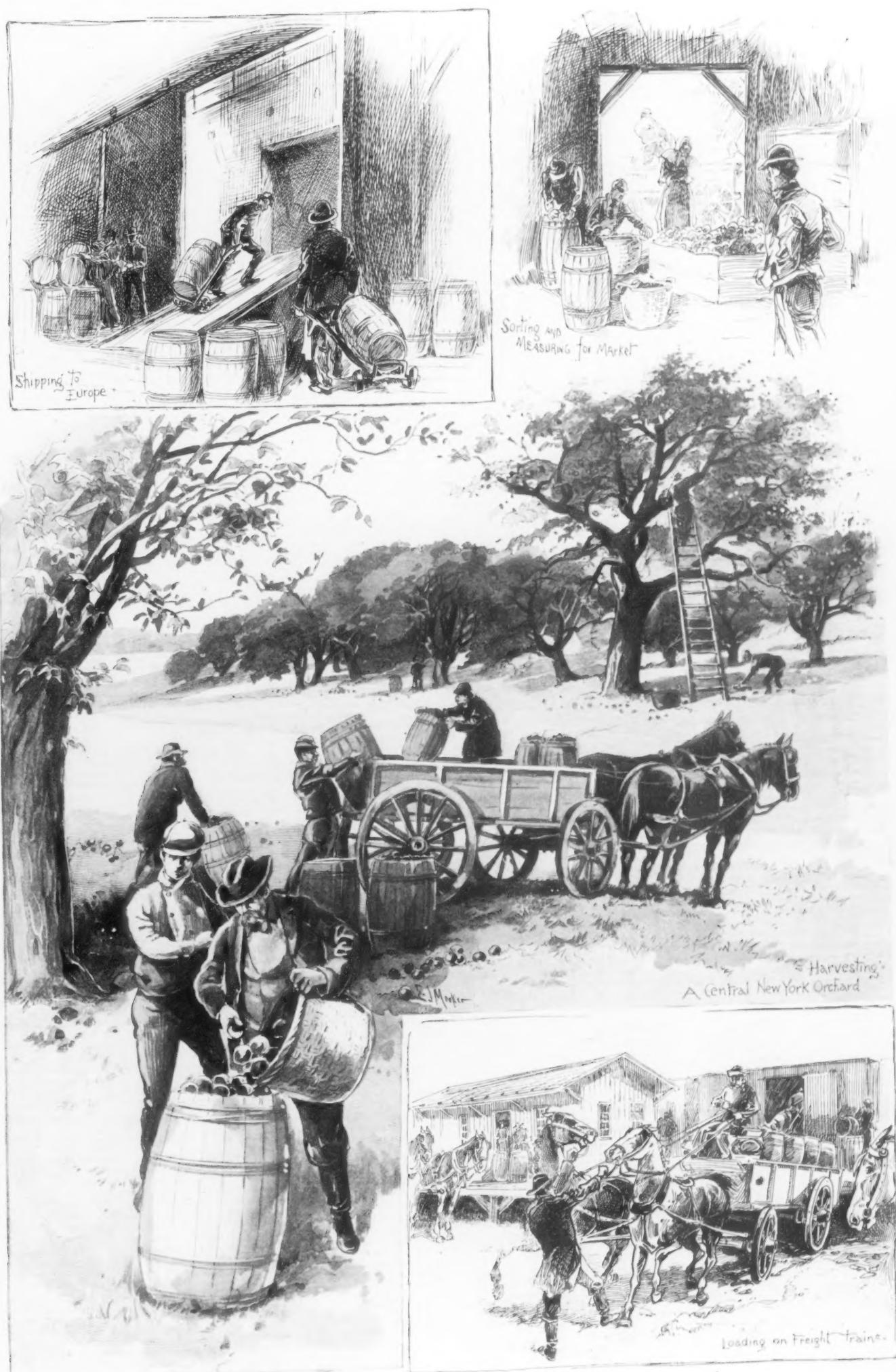
Such was Wills at the age of eight-and-forty. He had come to Etretat to write a play, and was wont to sit scribbling manuscript with a pencil on odd sheets of paper, in the glass pavilion on the beach. But he could not keep himself from painting, either; and he made a portrait of one of our children, in three sittings, which is a masterpiece, and presented it to us with his characteristic childlike nobility. He sat puffing his pipe, and smiling, and talking, and painting, and leaning back with his head on one side to see how he was getting on. Whenever I look at that portrait, I see him too, not less plainly.

I said that he never bathed. I mean, with soap and fresh water. But he went in sea-bathing with the rest of the world at Etretat, in an amazing old bathing suit, which you would have thought must have belonged to Triton in the early Greek ages. It was the custom to dive off the diving-plank. Wills did not like diving, but he always dived as a measure of self-respect; and I shall never forget the picture he made, standing on the end of that plank, with the vasty deep raging below him; with a venerable straw bathing-hat tied down under his bearded chin; with a lifting of the shoulders eloquently expressive of reluctance, but with a jolly smile if he caught your eye; and then he would tip himself forward, and down lie would come with a "spank," and be gradually submerged. And now the waves of time have closed above him also. Blessings upon dear old W. G.!

PETER'S WIFE.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He hid her bloomers, bike and bell,
And then he kept her very well.

THE WORD Caucus is supposed to be a corruption of *Caulkers*, originating from some private political meetings held in Boston, about the middle of the last century, by persons engaged in the ship business.



THE GROWING AND EXPORT OF APPLES.

ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

THE FUTURE OF RUSSIA.

WITH the completion of the Trans-Siberian railroad from Moscow to Port Arthur, a mighty change in the management of Russian affairs may be expected. It is scarcely possible the autocratic rule of the Czar will continue to the close of the present century. Some form of representation by the people must be conceded sooner or later. The supreme tribunal, which Czar Nicholas has lately inaugurated, is but the first step to that end. The development of Siberia means a great amelioration in the fate of the exiles and political prisoners. The gangs of unfortunates chained together to work in the iron mines will be relegated to the past, as also the feeling of uneasiness which takes possession of even the most casual visitor to the Czar's dominions.

Secret police and spies are to be found in every rank of life from the highest to the lowest, and the full certainty of being watched at every turn makes Russia a country to be carefully avoided by tourists. No one goes to go beyond the blue Danube; Vienna and Budapest form the eastern limit compatible with comfort.

When Nicholas I. died, on the 14th of March, 1855, of a broken heart, caused by the failure of the Crimean War, he was succeeded by his son, Alexander II. Czar Nicholas I. wanted the universe, his ambition was only equalled by his vast possessions. One of his schemes of aggrandizement was a marriage between his son Alexander, and Victoria, the young Queen of England. At a ball at Buckingham Palace, soon after the Queen's accession, the Czarewitch Alexander was the guest of honor, and the Duchess of Kent, Queen Victoria's mother, instructed her daughter to smile on the Russian. But self-willed Victoria would not have her heart "preached down," so she opened the ball with her cousin and lover, Prince Albert, and their subsequent marriage extinguished the hopes of Czar Nicholas.

Alexander II. came to the throne in 1855, and Russia was undermined by Nihilism, which increased every day, and finally culminated on the 13th of March, 1881, when Alexander II. was killed by a bomb thrown under his carriage by the Nihilists, Sophia Perovskaya, and four of her accomplices, who were afterward executed for the crime. Alexander II. was succeeded by his son, Alexander III., father of the present Czar; but his life was one scene of terror, and it was two years after his accession before he ventured to Moscow to be crowned. The coronation took place at Moscow in 1883.

From the coronation to the death of Alexander III., his life was one of uneasiness, and to the present day there are many who believe he fell a victim to slow, secret poison. He was a man of gigantic strength and stature, yet he pined away mysteriously, and his death, in 1894, was a shock to Europe. With the example of his immediate predecessors before him, beginning with his great-grandfather Nicholas I., the present Czar feels inclined to inaugurate reforms. Let us hope they may be commenced in time.

SPAIN—A RETROSPECT.

THE PRAGMATIC SANCTION.

The state of disruption to which Spain has been drifting for fifty years may be traced to the pragmatic sanction issued by Ferdinand VII., soon after his marriage, in 1829, with Maria Christina of Naples, his fourth wife. The pragmatic sanction abolishing the Salic Law in Spain met with a formal protest from the king's brother and heir presumptive, Don Carlos, father of the present Duke of Madrid. It also affected the claims of Don Francisco, the king's second brother, and in a minor degree the French and Neapolitan Bourbons.

The queen, Maria Christina, gave birth to a daughter in 1830, who, as the Infanta Isabella, succeeded to the throne on the death of her father in 1833; her mother acting as Queen Regent. But Don Carlos, the late king's brother, raised the standard of rebellion in the Basque provinces and made a desperate effort to regain his rights. He might have succeeded, were it not that Louis Philippe, the last of the French Bourbons, sat on the throne of France and naturally sided with his cousin, Maria Christina, the Queen Regent.

To this was added the influence of England, and Don Carlos, after a brave struggle, abdicated his claim on behalf of his son, Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, retired into private life and died, many years after, at Trieste in 1855.

Louis Philippe kept a close eye on the Spanish throne; it was he who negotiated the "Spanish marriages," which helped to unsettle him on the throne of France. He arranged a marriage for the Infanta Isabella with Don Francis d'Assis, with a hope that the couple would be childless and to secure the reversion of the Spanish throne. Isabella's sister, Maria Louisa, and Louis Philippe's son, the Duke de Montpensier, were married on the same day. The double wedding took place in 1846 and was a great event at the time, but Louis Philippe's design was foiled.

Children were born to Francis and Isabella and the Montpensiers fell into oblivion. More than this, troubles arose in France. Louis Philippe fled from Paris in a hackney cab in 1848, and, assuming the name of Mr. William Smith, retired unmolested to England. Queen Isabella and her husband reigned in Spain, but her Majesty's frivolous conduct, to call it no harder term, aroused the indignation of the Spaniards. There were incessant factions, and when, in 1866, Isabella exiled the chief leaders of discontent, Serrano, Prim, and O'Donnell, appointing Narvaez Prime Minister, there was a slight lull in the storm. It was only momentary, for Prim returned in 1868 and raised a rebellion which compelled Isabella to seek safety in flight. She fled with her husband and family to Paris, where she has since resided.

Prim's death brought the rebellion to an end. The old Spanish nobility wanted a king, and the crown was offered to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. Napoleon III. reigned as Emperor of the French, and the offer of the Spanish throne to a German prince was the first quarrel between Prussia and France. The sequel to the quarrel was the Franco-Prussian war (Sedan), Napoleon's downfall, and the crowning of Emperor William I. in the magnificent Salle de Glaces, Versailles, as Emperor of Germany.

In 1870, Amadeus, Duke d'Aosta, second son of Victor Emmanuel, and brother of King Humbert, was placed on the throne of Spain, which he occupied for three years, and then resigned in 1873. Alfonso, son of Francis and Isabella, was meanwhile pursuing his military studies in England, at Woolwich and elsewhere; he also served for a time under the Union Jack, as sub-lieutenant in an artillery corps. Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, had made every effort to reach the Spanish throne, waging a war known as "The Carlist Rebellion," in which all the Basque provinces joined with him as they had with his father. But the offer of the Spanish throne to Alfonso, and his coronation, annihilated the hopes of Don Carlos; he gave up the conflict, and has ever since resided at his palace in Venice.

Alfonso XII. married his cousin, Mercedes, who, as a pupil at the Convent of the Dames de l'Assumption, Paris, was a general favorite with all. She died soon after reaching Madrid, and her death cast a gloom over the rising hopes of the Spaniards. Alfonso was a prey to melancholy, but reasons of State were paramount, and an alliance with the court of Austria was desirable. So Alfonso XII. and the Archduchess Christina of Austria were married. Her reception at the Court of Spain was cold but cordial. Her demeanor was austere. The birth of two daughters in succession disappointed the Spaniards, and the death of King Alfonso XII., in December, 1885, was followed by rumors of a revolution with a Republican form of government. Queen Christina was appointed Regent on the death of her husband, Alfonso XII. She won the respect and confidence of the people by her wisdom and exemplary conduct.

Excitement and enthusiasm knew no bounds when the queen gave birth to a son on the 17th of May, 1886. Crowds of persons flocked the streets and squares of Madrid to hear the guns boom out the tidings. Twice before had the multitudes listened to the reverberations, which, on two previous occasions, had ended on the fifteenth round. But this bright May day, twenty-one guns announced the birth of a son, and the Spaniards returned home rejoicing. Ministers, Senators, nobles, and prelates assembled at the palace, and when Queen Christina again appeared in public she received an ovation. The illness of the little King Alfonso XIII., in 1890, awakened the greatest sympathy, and his recovery was a subject of universal delight in the peninsula.

Whether the Pragmatic Sanction of 1829 will ever give place to a return of the Salic Law is a question which time alone can reveal. A Republican form of government would find many adherents, and, with the example of the United States and France, seems not so remote.

THE SOUTHEASTERN EUROPEAN PENINSULA.

Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro are regarded by Western Europeans as half Russian, half Turkish, and wholly barbarous. In ancient times Servia and Bulgaria were separate empires, each governed by a Czar. Roumania was inhabited by the Dacians in the year 106 A.D. They were always at war with the Bulgarians, then reckoned as the Roman province of Mysia. The last king of the Dacians, Decebalus, was annihilated by the Roman Emperor Trajan, and his country annexed.

The Romans were succeeded by barbarians who disappeared in the thirteenth century, and were, after three centuries of exciting times, followed by the Phanariotes, the Russians, the revolution of 1848, the Crimean War, independence, and proclamation as a nation. The first King of Roumania was a victor, his crown was made from the Turkish cannon he had captured at Pleven.

The present King Charles is well liked by his people; his consort, "Carmen Sylva," is a royal lady of much literary talent. The king's heir and probable successor is his nephew, the Crown Prince, married to the Princess Marie of Edinburgh, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and first cousin of the Czar. The birth of a son to the Crown Prince and Princess caused great joy at Bucharest, and the friendly favor of the Czar will never be found to fail in case of emergency.

As to Bulgaria, the recent trial of the three men accused of being implicated in the assassination of M. Stambuloff brought to light letters of the murdered man which were read in court and caused a most painful impression. In one of them he wrote: "Natchevitch advised the Prince to receive Tufekchieff in audience, in order, without a doubt, that he should be encouraged to commit the murder. He said to Naum that the Prince would be glad to have the murder done because he had a mortal hatred of Stambuloff." Naum has asked for an audience for the purpose of testing the truth of Natchevitch's words. Will it be granted to him? That I cannot tell." Further on the writer accuses Prince Ferdinand of having entered on a crusade for his destruction. The postscript is signed "Stambuloff," and dated March 16, 1895.

Naum Tufekchieff here referred to is one of the prisoners condemned to three years' imprisonment at the recent trial at Sofia, and M. Natchevitch is the ex-minister who has held two portfolios in the present cabinet.

The Bulgarian Government journals observe that the friends of Stambuloff should have taken measures to protect a man (Stambuloff) who they say labored under mental derangement. But the rest of Europe awaits the explanation of Prince Ferdinand.

The public credit of Bulgaria is in such a state of difficulty that both ends of the financial year are at loggerheads. A circular has been addressed to Austria, and the other Powers, requesting permission for an immediate increase of all import duties from ten and one-half to twelve per cent.

The Servian Cabinet has resigned, and King Alexander, after conferring with jurists belonging to all the different political parties, refused to sign a law passed by the Skupstina, relating to constraint, on the ground that it was unconstitutional.

Montenegro's claim to special notice at present is the Italian marriage of the Crown Prince and Princess of Naples, and a possible alliance between another Montenegrin princess and the young King of Servia. Mr. Gladstone says of Montenegro that its traditions "exceed in glory those of Marathon and Thermopylae and all the war traditions of the world."

Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, has taken precautionary measures with regard to his third daughter, the Prin-

cess Beatrice, whose betrothal to the Prince of Boviano—the well-known legitimist, has just been announced.

Don Carlos, in a recent interview, denied any intention of abandoning the direction of the Carlist party in favor of his son, Don Jaime, who, he says, perfectly agrees with him on this question.

Don Carlos also added that Spain should grant administrative autonomy to Cuba, with a viceroy of royal blood, which means that the Don himself would not object to cross the Atlantic on a mission of this import.

A public meeting has been held at Calcutta, over which the Earl of Elgin, Viceroy of India, presided. Measures were adopted for the relief of the famine sufferers. Lord Elgin decided that an appeal should be made to England, the colonies, and America.

Captain Morries, who was one of the members of the recent court martial at Barcelona which sentenced the Spanish anarchists to death, committed suicide on the 2d inst.

FACTS OF A WEEK.

INDIA'S AWFUL FAMINE.

Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for the Indian Department, has sent to the Lord Mayor of London the statement upon which the appeal for subscriptions for the relief of the famine sufferers in India was based.

Lord George says that districts with a population of 37,000,000 will be sufferers from famine until the end of March, and that it may continue in some parts until the end of June. In other districts, having 44,000,000 population, the distress may deepen, with famine for a shorter or longer period, while 6,000,000 people in the native states may be victims of famine. The density of the famished population varies from 902 per square mile in Mozafferpore and Bengal, to 122 per square mile in Bhalagat and the central provinces. There were 1,200,000 persons on the relief work at the beginning of January, and this number will certainly reach 2,000,000 and may exceed 3,000,000. The famine will cost the Indian Treasury at least £4,000,000 to £6,000,000.

A cablegram from Calcutta, January 12, says that the distress is rapidly deepening, especially in the Bundpund districts, where half the population need relief.

The Mansion House relief fund amounted to nearly £30,000, including a donation of £250 from the Prince of Wales and the donation by the Queen of £500.

The "Daily Mail's" Bombay correspondent cables this: "At Jubulpore men and women reduced to living skeletons are lying at the roadsides. There are terrible scenes at the burial grounds of the Mohammedans, which are much overcrowded and where the bodies of plague-stricken victims recently interred are dug up to make room for fresh arrivals."

INDIAN REMAINS.

An Indian village was discovered by Constable George W. Sneed, of Egg Harbor City, N. J., Jan. 12. This was midway between Pomona and McKee City. Sneed was fox-hunting with a party of friends, and passed through the dense forests, when suddenly one of their number spied an opening in the thickest of the brush. They investigated it and found that it was an old Indian hut, still in good condition, as it was made of hickory wood. A further search revealed four other huts, and around them were found many arrow-heads, darts, tomahawks and a quantity of flint. One of the tomahawks had a covering of some animal skin and a sharp arrow-head fastened to an end. This spot covers but an area of about two hundred feet and is so thickly surrounded by brush that it is safe to say it was not tread upon for nearly a century, although it is only two hundred yards from a well-traveled road.

ABOUT THE CABINET.

General Charles H. Grosvenor, of Ohio, spent a few hours in conference with Chairman Hanna, at Cleveland, January 12, and left for Washington at midnight. General Grosvenor said that he had talked with Mr. McKinley at Canton about the Cabinet. "Senator Sherman," said he, "is to be the next Secretary of State. He practically told me that himself the other day. I want to say, also, that Senator Sherman's appointment to the State Department is not contingent on the appointment of his successor in the Senate. That does not enter into it."

General Grosvenor said that Senator Allison was offered the Treasury portfolio and declined it, and that Congressman Dingley was out of the question in connection with the Treasury Department because of his poor health.

RUSSIA IS UNEASY.

The London "Chronicle's" Washington correspondent telegraphed to his journal under date of January 12:

"Secretary Olney, replying to a question of the Russian Minister, E. de Kotzebue, as to whether the arbitration treaty with England was offensive and defensive or anything in the nature of an alliance, said that the question might be answered 'yes and no'; that in the ordinary diplomatic acceptance it was not an alliance, but that it is an alliance in support of the Monroe doctrine, which England recognized by the terms of the Venezuelan treaty."

"If the arbitration treaty is ratified," Mr. Olney said, "it practically makes Great Britain our ally for the maintenance and enforcement of the Monroe doctrine."

The correspondent, commenting upon this, says: "Mr. Olney recognizes that England is more naturally the ally of America than is Russia, whose hitherto professed friendship for the United States is merely hatred of England. It is probable that Russia will do her best to persuade the Senate not to ratify the treaty."

The "Chronicle," in an editorial, regards the foregoing matter as of the deepest importance, and says that it desires nothing better than that Russia should take the course indicated. "The scales will then fall from Americans' eyes," it concludes.



OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DARTMOOR Convict Prison, a vast pile of granite built almost ninety years ago in the wild and lonesome region of West Devon moorlands, some five miles from Tavistock, for the reception of ten thousand Frenchmen, captured mostly at sea, in the great war against the first Napoleon, has in later times been used, like Portland, for convict criminals under sentence of penal servitude. William Carter, John Martin, and Ralph Goodwin, on Christmas Eve started to run away from the gang of fifty-eight returning from outdoor work. There was a fog, but the guards, Rogers and Coulton, firing their rifles at a short distance, shot Carter dead while attempting to climb over a wall. Martin was seized and secured, after a struggle; but the third man, Goodwin, made off and roamed about the country till Sunday morning. He broke into several houses and stole food and clothes, till he was arrested by a policeman at Devonport and sent back.

In 1878 the belfry of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, was enriched with a peal of twelve bells, the joint gift of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the Corporation of the City of London, and certain of the great City Companies; and on the last night of the year a large gathering of loyal citizens assembled to hear the new peal of bells ring in their first New Year.

For several years thereafter the bells punctually rang out the old, rang in the new; and the crowd which assembled became annually greater. But growth in numbers meant growth in uproariousness, and eventually the official recognition of the occasion was withdrawn and the decree of the Dean and Chapter forbade the ringing of the bells after ten o'clock. But the London crowd, and more particularly the Scotsman, who is wont to make merry on New Year's Eve, was not to be balked of the annual foregathering, and each year a large assembly thronged the steps and precincts of the Cathedral, rendering the midnight boisterous with its mirth.

Since the first fall of snow in the upland districts of the Fatherland, the German infantry troops have this winter been busily taking exercise on snow-shoes. The mountainous country of the Hartz and Riesengebirge districts affords the best facilities for these exercises, as the earliest snows of the German winter lie thickest upon their heights. On the Riesengebirge summits, indeed, snow lies for some eight or nine months of the year, but the military exercises do not, of course, require lofty ascents beloved of the tourist. Long journeys are frequently made, however, over broken country, the troops being quartered in mountain villages during the

night. The men wear their guns slung over their shoulders, and each of them carries a couple of long bamboo poles for use in crossing difficult ground. In time of war these poles would be carried for traveling purposes only, and would be discarded in action.

The annual skilöebning competitions in Norway do not take place until next month. But all over the country when the snow allows of them, contests in running and jumping take place. The jumping is the more important event at the Grand Annual National Gathering at Christiania, and some of the distances covered are remarkable. The longest leap last year was seventy-two feet, but the record is said to be ninety-six feet.

The spirited drawing of the new Japanese cruisers on another page needs little comment. They are the work of the Cramps of Philadelphia, and the Union Iron Works of San Francisco. They follow the model of the cruiser "Charleson," though broader and of deeper draught than that vessel; and, with a displacement of five thousand five hundred tons, these great ships will attain a speed of twenty-one knots. The battery of each will consist of four eight-inch and eight rapid-fire five-inch guns, twelve six-pounders, six one-pounders and four Gatlings. Japan, whose present naval activity is significant, has also placed many contracts in Germany, France and Britain, for torpedo-boats, whose speed is to be guaranteed at not less than twenty-four knots.

Interesting comparison may be instituted between the two photographs of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, to whose genius Paris has just paid handsome tribute. The first shows her a young girl of seventeen, with the future all before her, and her histrionic talents as yet scarce more than shadowed. The second is one of the last photographs for which Madame Bernhardt sat, and represents the strange face, the sinuous figure and the wonderful eyes familiar to every theater-goer. In common with all art lovers, you rejoice at the honors recently showered upon the greatest living tragic actress, for her friends in this country are legion, and her affection for American audiences is well known.

The apple may well be called the typical American fruit. On account of the enormous crop of this year, and the excellence of its quality, American growers will reap a good harvest of money. Europe, notably England, annually buys thousands of barrels, and, on account of partial failures in their domestic supply, the demand for this fruit from abroad this year exceeds all previous seasons. This country can supply the finest varieties of this wholesome fruit in abundance—all through the great Central States the conditions favor its cultivation. The fine orchards of the Hudson Valley and along the Mohawk have in the past year given bountifully, making lively times for the growers. In order to insure good keeping qualities the fruit is picked from the trees, thus preventing bruising. The selected fruit is gathered and sent to the cities by railroad, all barreled and ready for direct export.

THE NEW GOVERNOR.

Governor John R. Rogers was inaugurated at Olympia, Washington, January 13. Heretofore the retiring and the incoming Governor have headed a procession of State officials in carriages to the Capitol, where the inaugural ceremonies are held. A committee of arrangements planned the same ceremony for this year, but Governor-elect Rogers refused to consider the carriage proposition, saying he preferred to start his official career with the utmost simplicity. Accordingly he walked from his boarding-house to the Capitol, accompanied by several of his friends. The military features of the inauguration also were dispensed with at his request, and there was no parade. The Governor took no part in the inaugural ball, but held a public reception.

A FEW MORE SOLDIERS.

The House Committee on Military Affairs has reported favorably on the bill to increase the size of the standing army. The measure increases the number of enlisted men from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand, the number of companies in each regiment from ten to twelve, and adds two regiments of artillery to the army.

With the new methods in force, each infantry regiment will contain in future three majors instead of one, as at present. The effect of this will be to promote fifty captains to the rank of major, fifty first lieutenants to captaincies and fifty second lieutenants to first lieutenants.

If the military academy at West Point cannot furnish the additional number of cadets necessary to fill these second lieutenancies the appointments may be made from the enlisted men or from civil life. The bill has the approval of the Secretary

of War, and may be said, in a general way, to have been prepared at the War Department. The members of the committee were unanimously in favor of the bill.

THE END IN SIGHT.

A Paris dispatch to the London "Daily News," January 13, says: "A high Government official has left Madrid under a strict incognito for Washington as a private negotiator, with full instructions from Señor Canovas, the Premier, and the Duke of Tetuan, Minister of Foreign Affairs. The settlement will be based on reforms in Cuba and a treaty of commerce with the United States, opening the Cuban market to foreign competition, except as regards cotton prints and one or two other articles. Spain will try hard to keep these as a monopoly for the Barcelona manufacturers. Señor Canovas is evidently seeking a settlement before the opening of the Cortes."

ONE TANGLE LESS.

Within a week the distillery of the American Spirits Manufacturing Company, of Chicago, formerly owned by Henry H. Shufeldt & Co., will be shut down, unless the present policy of the American Company is changed. The Shufeldt distillery has a capacity of three thousand bushels of grain a day, and is the largest in the city. The abandonment of the old plant really means a transfer of the output to Peoria, where the bulk of the American Company's product is distilled. The tax payments of the distillery averaged three million dollars a year, being two-fifths of the total receipts of the Chicago office. A. S. Austrian, one of the attorneys for the American Company, explained that a plant of three thousand bushels' capacity cost almost as much to run as one of ten thousand bushels, such as the company had at Peoria; hence the closing.

MILITARY AFFAIRS.

General Miles in his annual report to the War Department states that the troops of the Mexican Republic as well as our own have been engaged in suppressing acts of lawlessness that occasionally interfere with the peace of communities on our Southern border. Arrangements have been made whereby co-operation will in future be the rule to secure that end. The Indian tribes have shown themselves well disposed and are making some progress toward civilization. There has been no serious Indian outbreak. General Miles urges that the following appropriations are urgently needed for the work of ordnance, engineer and quartermaster's departments during the coming year: "At Portland, Me., \$1,134,850; Portsmouth, N. H., \$393,925; Boston, \$1,078,-350; Narragansett Pier, R. I., \$642,825; Long Island Sound, eastern entrance, \$896,925; New York, eastern entrance, \$913,600; New York, southern entrance, \$1,299,600; Philadelphia, \$625,025; Baltimore, \$671,450; Washington, D. C., \$577,-925; Hampton Roads, Va., \$619,325; Wilmington, N. C., \$125,525; Charleston, S. C., \$360,925; Savannah, Ga., \$393,925; Key West, Fla., \$32,400; Pensacola, Fla., \$150,400; Mobile, Ala., \$150,400; New Orleans, \$489,400; Galveston, Tex., \$157,-

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